

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## ARE YOU PAINTING THE BLUE BOY?

### SWITZERLAND TO THE WORLD

#### FINE WIRELESS MESSAGE

First International Station  
in the Alps

#### HELPING TO STOP THE SNARLING

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

Here is a splendid example of the way in which wireless helps to break down the barriers between nations.

Little Switzerland, although it is called the Playground of Europe, and is right in the centre of the Continent, has generally been considered an isolated country. Secure amid her mountains, she interferes with nobody and is molested by none.

#### Switzerland's First Wireless

But that brave little country, most of whose miles stand on end instead of lying more or less horizontally, has recently entered the wireless league of nations by establishing her first international wireless station.

The new station is near Berne, the capital. It is a Marconi station of the latest type, and can send and receive simultaneously at a speed of 100 words per minute. The wireless service is at present conducted direct with this country, whence telegrams to other parts of the world are passed to the stations at Carnarvon and Clifden.

Presently further services will be started with Spain, Holland, and other countries, all worked from the same station at Berne.

#### A Beautiful Introduction

In introducing itself to the world of wireless the Berne station sent out broadcast a very beautiful message addressed to "All stations." Here it is:

Here HBB. Berne, Switzerland. Good evening, my friends. A good evening to all wireless telegraph stations of the Continent and the British Isles.

Here am I, ready to take my place in your illustrious company to collaborate with you for the conquest of the world by the armies of thought, and by the diffusion of the ideas of justice, love, and right.

Kindly reserve a good welcome to your young brother, and support with kindness his first steps in the ocean of ether. My wave is 3,400 metres.

May it not interfere with the wave of any of my elder brothers, and not injure any rights of priority in the scale so charged with wave-lengths. Long live wireless. Au revoir, my friends.

Let us hope that these words, coming from that pleasant nation, so proud and yet so peaceful and industrious, will sink deep into the minds of the still-snarling peoples of Europe, and make them realise that it is a far finer thing to conquer space with devices born of great ideas than to conquer flesh and blood.

### Tennis Comes Round Again



The open-air tennis season has already begun, and children are more and more taking up this fine, healthy summer game, which, as can be seen in the photograph, gives them every opportunity of obtaining all-round exercise for their muscles

### BRAVE MEN STRUGGLING WITH DESPAIR

THE bulletin of the American Meteorological Society has a sad tale to tell of the plight of the men who, in spite of tremendous difficulties, are trying to carry on scientific work in Russia.

It was recently given out that the great Central Observatory at Petrograd had been reopened. This institution has in the past been the centre of meteorological study in Russia, and one of the most important observatories in the world. It has produced some of the world's best work in the study of the weather, and has a famous record. Now, we learn, the staff—such of them as remain—are hardly able to obtain the necessities of life, though they are continuing their efforts for the safeguarding of meteorology in Russia.

From the meteorological bureau in Kamchatka, the other extremity of the one-time great Russian empire, comes a similar cry. Professor Alexis Nennsberg writes, "You cannot imagine in what conditions we are working,

hungry, penniless, and without hope." Siberia is one of the most important areas in the world from the point of view of weather science. It is by far the largest land-mass on the globe, and controls the climate for an enormous distance all around.

It is to the effect of this great continent on the circulation of the atmosphere that India owes the monsoon rains, the seasonal downpours which alone make it possible for her to feed her teeming millions. It is therefore necessary to get as much information as possible as to the weather conditions in Siberia, which help us to understand what is taking place in many other places.

It is impossible to think without deep emotion of those brave men struggling with adversity in Russia's terrible plight, "without hope," yet striving to obtain knowledge that they know to be of use to the world. May they soon have hope reawakened and happier conditions restored to them.

### DISASTERS THAT DID NOT HAPPEN

#### EXTRAORDINARY SIGHTS ON THE RAILWAY

Engine's Eight-Mile Run  
Without a Driver

#### PASSENGERS SAVED BY A COLLISION

Two amazing railway accidents have occurred, one near London and the other in Derbyshire, and, though each might have led to serious disaster and loss of life, in neither case was anyone killed.

A Midland express train from London to Manchester was passing Cromford, near Matlock, when one of the coaches failed to take the points in going round a curve, and six carriages were derailed. The permanent way was torn up and an iron fence by the side of the line was crumpled up like a concertina.

It looked as if an appalling disaster were inevitable, but this was prevented as by a miracle, for the derailed carriages collided with another train standing by. Strange as it may seem, the collision saved the lives of the passengers, of whom there were 550 on board.

#### One Train Supports Another

The carriages, after being thrown off the line, were threatening to topple over on their sides, and some were already at an angle of 45 degrees when the collision occurred. They came to a goods train standing on the next rails, and the derailed carriages were eventually brought to a standstill leaning against the goods wagons, which prevented them from falling over.

The officials remained at their posts, and after the passengers had been transferred to another train a chef cooked a meal for his fellow-officials in a dining-car at an angle of 45 degrees.

In the second accident an amazing journey was made on the London and South Western Railway by an engine that went for a trip without a driver or fireman, and travelled eight miles on a busy line without doing any damage.

#### Keeping the Line Clear

Shunting operations were going on near Ascot when some trucks began to run down a slope unexpectedly, and the men on the shunting engine, believing a collision unavoidable, jumped off on to the line. The engine, however, cleared the points just in front of the trucks, and the locomotive, uncontrolled and crewless, started off in the direction of London.

It seemed as if nothing could avert an accident, but urgent messages were sent along the line for all level-crossing gates to be opened and the rails kept clear. Prompt attention was given to this order by alert officials, and a clear passage was kept for the runaway engine.

After eight miles the steam happily failed and the engine slowed down, finally stopping at Egham, without having done any damage.



## AT GENOA

### The Hard Way to Peace

#### NATIONS AND A GENERAL UNDERSTANDING

What the effect of the Genoa Conference will be upon the paralysed trade and bankrupt finance of Europe we shall not see for some time to come. But we can be sure that already the meeting of the representatives of all nations has done good, while there is reasonable ground for hope that their discussions, and even their quarrels, may help to bring about the real Peace for which we have waited so long.

It is possible that even the agreement between Germany and Russia to forgive each other's debts—wrongly timed and unfortunate as it was—may prove valuable as a step in the process of putting international finance on a basis of reality instead of trying to balance it on make-believe. These two nations realise, as all our bankers do, that no commerce of any importance can be created until the enormous unreal debts and claims which nations are making against each other have been set aside.

#### Hopes for a Happier Feeling

The French are still anxious lest their interests should be injured by the coming together of the other nations. Parts of their territory suffered terribly during the war, and they had lent more than any other people to the Tsar's Government, and are nervous about what may happen to France with its forty millions of people when Germany has eighty and Russia a hundred.

It is right, therefore, to listen to all that French statesmen have to say; but Mr. Lloyd George has been obliged to warn them more than once that, if they oppose measures which seem likely to re-settle Europe, they will have the British people against them.

All good people hope there may be a happier feeling in the conference, and that great things may be done before these words are read.

## IRELAND SPEAKS

### One Hour Strike Against War

#### "STOP YOUR SNARLING AND FIGHTING"

All the world looks on in amazement at the crimes and follies that are being committed in Ireland.

It was expected that when the Free State was established the Irish people would set to work to build up the prosperity which they complained of being unable to reach under British rule. Instead of doing that they have allowed a small number of almost insane extremists to inflict cruel damage upon the Irish reputation for good sense.

Fortunately, it is clear now that these fanatics are few in number. The one-day strike organised as a protest against the militarism that attempted to substitute force for reason as the basis of a new order had a very good effect throughout the world. For fifteen hours in all parts of the Free State work was stopped. No trains or street-cars ran, no taxis plied for hire, no newspapers were issued, no restaurants opened.

"Stop your feuds and your fighting," was what the strikers wanted to say, and "Stop your snarling," as Mr. Lloyd George said at Genoa; the Irish strikers said it with effect. This remarkable incident showed that the great mass of the people are in favour of settling down under the new arrangement made with Great Britain, for it is only the opponents of that arrangement who want to fight and perpetuate feuds and force-rule on the old Prussian lines.

The sooner a general election can be held the better it will be for Ireland. It is difficult to understand why there has been so long a delay.

## CITY HALF DESTROYED

### Terrific Explosion in Serbia

#### MILITARISM AGAIN

War claims its toll of victims even during peace. At Monastir, in Macedonia, there was quiet at midday; everyone was having dinner. In the barracks near the railway station were thousands of Serbian soldiers laughing and talking over their simple meal.

Suddenly there was a fearful roar, the barracks collapsed, houses were wrecked, fires blazed out, the streets were filled with screaming and terrified people. The first explosion was followed by others. Not a door or window in the city but was blown in by their force.

What happened was that a huge ammunition dump close to the station had blown up. Four hundred wagon-loads of explosives were destroyed in a few minutes, and with them a great part of Monastir, which is the second largest town in Macedonia with a population of about 50,000. Of these more than half are homeless.

A particularly distressing incident of the disaster was the falling of a shell upon a church, which collapsed, burying hundreds of children. So the awful scourge of militarism brings misery among the innocent and helpless whether war is going on or not. No one can feel safe until it is numbered among the plagues of the past.

#### CUT OFF BY THE TIDE

##### Sixty Hours On the Cliff

Walking on the beach of the Pacific Ocean near San Francisco, an American husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey, found that the tide had come in so quickly as to make it impossible for them either to go forward or to go back.

They managed to scramble up to a little shelf in the cliff-face, and when this became unsafe they climbed higher, and with a pocket-knife Mr. Bailey scraped away enough to give them sitting-room. There they had to sit for sixty hours.

They hoped, when the tide went out, to be able to slip down and make their escape. But the ocean was so stormy that for two days and three nights the waves were hurled against the base of their cliff and kept them prisoners. When the storm quieted down the man had to leave his wife in an exhausted condition while he went for help.

She had to be hauled up to the top of the cliff by coastguards, who let down a rope, tied so that she could sit in it. Hunger and fear had taken all strength from her. It was a terrible experience.

#### THE HOME OFFICE CAT

##### Forbidden To Emigrate

The Home Secretary has sometimes to issue orders forbidding people to enter this country. Lately he signed a document forbidding someone to leave it—and that someone was a large black cat named Sam.

Sam is on the Home Office staff. Every night he goes round the building with the watchman, sniffs about to discover where mice have been, and returns later to catch them. In the daytime he is often to be found in the Home Secretary's room. He can get himself admitted at any time by mewing outside the door.

An American woman who visited the office several times on business took a great fancy to Sam. She begged to be allowed to take him home to the United States with her. It seemed as if her pleading might have its effect.

But when the Home Secretary heard of it he said emphatically No! He would not part with a member of his staff to whom he was so much attached. He issued instructions that Sam should stay in Whitehall.

## HUMANITY MARTIN

### His Act of Parliament for Animals

#### MEMORY OF 100 YEARS AGO

All lovers of animals will welcome the centenary of the first Act of Parliament which recognised in this country that animals have legal rights.

In 1822 Sir Richard Martin, a kind-hearted Irish landowner who gained the nickname of Humanity Martin, secured the passage through Parliament of the first law defending cattle against cruelty.

Sir Richard has the fine distinction of having this Act named after him, Martin's Act. The idea of protecting animals against cruelty spread, and in 1824 Sir Richard Martin and others founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Many times since has Parliament been busy extending the acts that make cruelty punishable, and Martin's Act is now absorbed into other acts that include more animals and a wider range of offences; but it was the pioneer act.

This new departure in merciful dealing with dumb creatures will be commemorated in London by a public meeting on

£50

#### The Best Magazine and the Best Blue Boy

A Government Committee the other day, looking round at the periodicals of the United Kingdom, picked out two as excellent and beyond recommendation. They were the C.N. and its monthly, My Magazine.

There are still a few C.N. readers who do not know My Magazine, and there is still a week for them to buy the May number with the famous Blue Boy cover, generally acknowledged to be the best magazine reproduction ever made of this famous picture.

Those who buy the May number of My Magazine this week will be still in good time to compete for the prize of £50, or the fifty prizes of £1 each, for colouring the Blue Boy as Gainsborough coloured it.

All you have to do is to take the new number of the C.N. monthly, cut out the page on which the outline of the cover appears, and paint this outline according to the colours on the cover.

Full particulars will be found in My Magazine for May.

There are still ten days to send in your cover, and the magazine is on the bookstalls.

Friday, May 26, and a demonstration in Hyde Park on the next day. There will also be many meetings in other parts of the country. A council has been formed to promote these celebrations, and its honorary secretary, Miss M. E. Ford, 47, Hamilton Road, London, N. 5, will be glad to hear from any who are willing to cooperate.

Martin's Act is one of the rare instances of statutes being named after individuals. Usually they have been named either after the places where they were made or after the subject they deal with. Even such a personal act as Plimsoll's Merchant Shipping Act is not personally named, and its author is only connected with it by the Plimsoll line painted on English ships to show the deepest water-line.

## HOW A PICTURE GOES BY WIRE

### A Clever New Way of Doing It

#### BEGINNING OF A GREAT CHANGE

By a Scientific Expert

Monsieur Belin, who can claim the honour of first sending over the telegraph cable between America and Europe a photograph of a written message, has recently been able to telegraph finger-prints from Paris to Lyons, and even Chinese and Japanese writing. He can also send pictures in the same way.

The characters of the writing are, as a matter of fact, as easy to send in Chinese as in our own writing; for M. Belin's machine merely depends upon the rise and fall of a needle as it traces, phonograph fashion, over embossed characters on the surface of a revolving drum.

#### Rise and Fall of a Needle

The letter is written in shellac instead of ink, and when dry the characters are raised, so that when the paper is wrapped round the drum, and the needle traces its spiral path over the surface, it rises and falls as each letter comes beneath it. Every rise and fall of the needle actuates a little arm, which travels over an electrical resistance, and the varying of the resistance alters the strength of an electric current flowing from the sending machine to the receiver.

The receiver merely uses these variations of current to control the strength of a beam of light that is focussed upon a revolving photograph film. In this way a photograph is obtained corresponding exactly to the written characters.

M. Belin telegraphs pictures in exactly the same way. There is a very old photographic process by which pictures can be made in relief, and the "ups and downs" of the photograph—or the contour, as we may say—cause corresponding movements of the needle, which, in turn, controls the current sent through the telegraph wire.

#### THE WISE RICH MAN

##### American's Millions for the Public

#### BUYER OF THE BLUE BOY

There is one rich man in the United States—happily, there are many—determined that those who made his money for him shall get it back.

His name is Henry E. Huntingdon, and his fortune came to him through the development of railways and street-car lines in the western States. The rapid increase of population there during the last half-century made these enterprises enormously profitable.

Now Mr. Huntingdon is 72 years old, and he is emptying his sack before he takes the long journey on which money can be of no use. He is spending a million pounds on pictures, of which Gainsborough's Blue Boy, sold to him by the Duke of Westminster for £150,000, is one of the most famous. These pictures are all to belong to the American people.

He has also been a buyer of famous old books—Shakespeare folios, Caxton's early efforts in printing, and so on. In all he has had collected for him some 100,000 volumes, employing the most learned book-buyers to advise and purchase for him. These books, valued at £2,000,000, are to be national property as well.

His estate in California will pass to the public with the house in which his treasures are kept. Thus Mr. Huntingdon ensures his name being remembered and being honoured. An excellent example to all rich men.



## THAT BOY JONES

### C.N. Reader Who Knew an Astonishing Character

#### WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM

Some weeks ago we gave an account of the very queer adventures of "The Boy Jones," as he was called in official records, who managed to intrude on the privacy of Queen Victoria early in her reign through boyish curiosity. We said he "jumped out of history" when he jumped overboard on his way to Australia, where he was sent to be far away; but we mentioned that he was reported as dying many years later at Daylesford, in Victoria.

A Daylesford reader of the C.N., who knew Jones for many years afterwards, now sends us a completion of the story of his life as it was told by Jones himself.

According to Jones, he was deported from England on a warship, which, on the way out, chased a pirate vessel and captured her, after a scrimmage, without loss of life, though Jones received a sword wound in his leg that left a scar to the end of his days.

He declared that he received a share with the rest of the crew of the value of the pirate's plunder, and that his share was £14.

Eventually he reached New Zealand; but left the colony when a rush was made to the Daylesford goldfield, about 80 miles from Melbourne. At first gold was plentiful, and twice he was fortunate in his digging. Once he amassed £1400, and later £1700; but drank it away.

After the death of his first wife in 1881 he was faithful to a promise he made to her, became a teetotaler, and lived to a great age. The most ardent ambition of his later years was to see his son placed on a man-of-war.

A curious part of these additions to the story of Jones by our Daylesford correspondent is that in reality he was not a boy at all when he made his way into palaces without detection. He was 31. But he was only five feet one inch in height, of very slender build and youthful appearance, and so was mistaken for a boy when he was discovered.

## PUSS WATCHES FOR HIS MASTER

### Cat that Wanted a Game

A Chester reader gives this account of the friendship shown to him daily by his cat.

At one o'clock I come to my dinner, always up the path and by the back way into the house. About two minutes to one my mother opens the back door, and Teddy walks up and down the yard till he hears my footsteps. Then he jumps on the hen-pen, and when he sees me tosses himself about with delight.

Then I lift him down, and he runs into the kitchen and gets on my chair, and will not be put off by anyone but me. After dinner I get a ball and throw it up and down in the yard, and, no matter what game I play, he joins in with me.

When I go back he walks with me to the end of the path, and as I turn the corner he runs into the house.

## BEATING THE POSTMAN

### Sheep Dog's 258-Mile Journey Alone

One of the oldest of our readers in the Yorkshire Dales tells this story of a sheep dog.

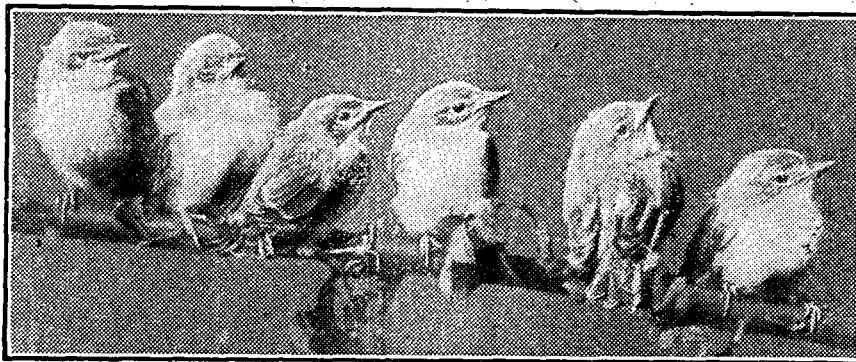
When the dog was young he was given by his owner to a friend who was going to Australia. On buying his ticket at his port of departure, the friend found the fare for the dog was almost as much as for a man, so taking the dog was impossible.

Accordingly he gave the dog a good feed and ordered him home. Then he posted a letter back to his friend, saying what he had done.

In three-and-a-half days the dog arrived at his old home, before the letter was delivered—a distance of 258 miles.

The dog was kept, even after he was blind, till he died of old age.

## NEW-COMERS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE



A group of young chaffinches



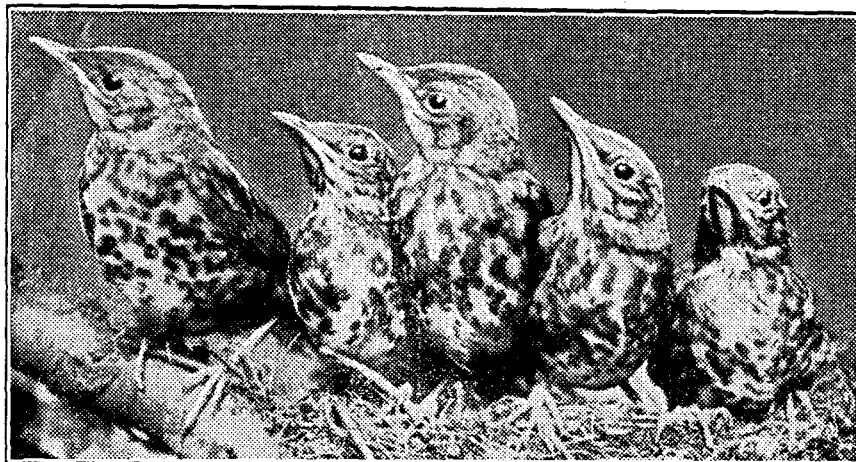
Yellow-hammer fledgling



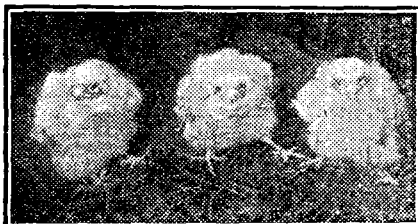
Young tawny owls



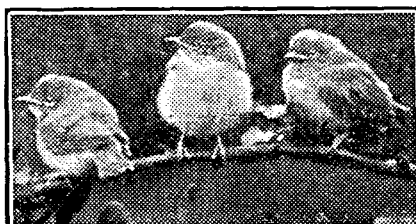
A baby jay



A family of little thrushes



Young merlins



Three little willow-warblers



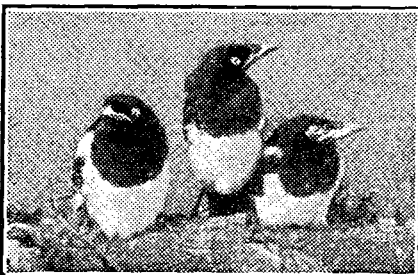
A young kingfisher



Reed-warbler



Spotted fly-catcher



Fledgling magpies



Young starlings

All over the countryside at the present time the birds are busy nesting, and many of the young have already been hatched, while some are actually fledged. Here we see some of the more familiar of the young birds that make our English countryside such a scene of activity at this season of the year

## A LIBRARY ALIVE

### THOUSANDS OF MILLIONS OF MICROBES

### The National Collection of Little Glass Tubes

### WHAT THEY DO AT THE LISTER INSTITUTE

By a Scientific Correspondent

The ancients had a legend of the box that Pandora brought to her wedding, from which, when opened, all the ills that flesh is heir to flew forth to afflict the world. But there was Hope at the bottom of it.

There is in London today a veritable Pandora's box, and a reference to it is found in the Report of the Medical Research Council, just published. Nearly 300 cultures have been added to the National Collection of Type Cultures at the Lister Institute, Chelsea.

Unless one knows what the National Collection of Type Cultures is this paragraph makes very dull reading; but that collection is, in fact, a very wonderful and romantic thing.

### Cultivating the Germs

Whenever an epidemic—such as plague, or diphtheria, or influenza, cholera, typhoid, or typhus—occurs in any part of the civilised world, the medical men on the spot take samples from the affected parts of the sufferers, and then examine them for the germ that has caused the disease.

If they find the germs—or isolate them, as the medical term has it—they feed them on jellies or nutritive liquids till they grow and flourish by the million million. This is called cultivating the germs, and these vast colonies of them are called cultures.

Although the colonies of germs are billions strong, the germs themselves are so small—some so minute that they can only be seen with the best microscopes, and some so much smaller still that they cannot be seen at all, but only suspected—that the biggest culture of them that is made will easily go into a glass test-tube six inches long and half an inch or so across.

### Bottled in a Test-Tube

The living colony of germs is always multiplying in the test-tube, but it almost entirely depends on the supply of food for its increase, so that it is possible to keep the colony within the limits of the test-tube; and, while proper care is taken, to keep it alive. If another colony is wanted then a few thousand millions are taken from one test-tube to another, where appropriate food is waiting, and in the second tube a new colony springs up.

When Dr. Koch, in 1904, first found the germ of tuberculosis he made a culture of it in this way, and the original strain has been carefully preserved ever since. If it showed signs of weakening a part of the colony was taken out and fed on a new food supply, and other steps were taken to keep the ancestral germs going. Today the descendants of Koch's original strain are bottled in a test-tube at the Lister Institute. They are the 1922nd generation.

### All Sorts and Conditions of Germs

There are other germs preserved in this National Collection. There is the germ that caused a variety of plague in Manchuria which was so virulent that it killed everyone afflicted with it; and there is a germ from the plague which seized some villagers in Suffolk about fifteen years ago. There is the cholera germ that got about the camps in Mesopotamia, and the first dysentery germ found among the troops in Flanders. Indeed, all the known infectious diseases of the world are to be found there.

And the colonies of germs that afflict mankind are not the only ones. There are test-tubes bottling up the diseases that afflict animals, such as sheep, horses, dogs, cattle, and pigs; and during the last year a new section has been added of the diseases afflicting plants.



## WHY LAUGH AT CRUELTY?

### WHAT A C.N. READER SAW

#### The Trainers and Their Unhappy Victims

#### THE TREMBLING DOG

As an illustration of the kind of approval with which our readers greeted a C.N. article not long ago on "Why Laugh at Suffering Animals?" we give the following comments by a North London reader.

My heart is lightened by the news that the British public is waking up to understand the sufferings of performing animals.

Three scenes will ever remain painfully vivid in my mind:

At Bournemouth two birds were announced to speak in two languages—English and French. Watching the trainer closely, I noticed he shook the birds very roughly prior to their effort to speak, causing them to cry out as if in pain. The birds looked both sick and sad, their feathers hanging down lustreless. Two more miserable and dejected creatures I have never seen.

The Bournemouth audience walked away as if they did not enjoy seeing them, but no one said anything.

Again, on the stage of a London theatre, a little dog came on trembling with evident terror, and was made to stand upright on its hind legs for as long a time as the trainer thought fit. Several times the little front paws dropped slightly from their unnatural position, but immediately the trainer's stick came close up to the poor dog's face, and, trembling even more, it would stretch itself to its utmost capacity upon its aching limbs. And the public clapped!

Then I saw a cat on the stage take a long spring through a round glass tube. It was said that no cruel methods were used in training, only kindness; but something was done to the cat that made it cry out as if in pain just before it took the abnormal leap.

To leave these poor animals to their fate seems to me unpardonable. We are much too tolerant in such matters, and often are cowards rather than be thought singular.

## THE SPIRIT UNCONQUERABLE

### Story of a Plucky Russian

A few years ago Oscar Payor was one of the wealthiest of Russia's merchant princes. He had practically a monopoly of the tanning industry there, and his millions were enabling him to live in luxury when Bolshevism came.

Not long ago this one-time millionaire arrived in Boston from Europe, but it was not on the palatial yacht that once had flown his colours. He crossed the Atlantic on a little Norwegian steamer, working his way by shovelling coal in the stokehold. The Bolsheviks had robbed him of all his possessions. His millions, his factories, his mansions, his motor-cars, his furs, his horses—all were gone, and he landed in the New World without a dollar.

But this man is of a race that does not know defeat. When he landed in Boston he washed the grime from his face and hands, and announced that he was going to start again, working at anything, until he is once more at the top of the ladder.

After all, the Bolsheviks did not rob him of the greatest things he had—his courage, and the spirit that will never say die.

### The Weather of March

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 82.5	London . . . ins. 1.51
Hours of rain . . . 42.2	Cardiff . . . ins. 3.79
Wet days . . . 17	Torquay . . . ins. 3.40
Dry days . . . 14	Fort William ins. 4.40
Warmest day . . . 3rd	Newcastle . . . ins. 1.73
Coldest day . . . 11th	Dublin . . . ins. 1.05

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

An Oxford reader has a cat born in July, 1902, and still as active as a kitten.

Copies of the C.N. will be very much appreciated by the St. Aidan's Mission, Durban, South Africa.

A camera just invented in France can photograph electric sparks at the rate of 25,000 a second.

£1000 has been raised in Australia for Jack Chalmers, who rescued a swimmer from a shark at Coogee.

#### A Pipe to Cost a Million

Estimated to cost a million pounds, a pipe line is to be laid to carry water from Ambleside to Manchester, a distance of 28 miles.

#### Explorer's Memorial

A globe representing the world has been unveiled in America as a memorial to Admiral Peary, the gallant discoverer of the North Pole.

#### Exporting Imports

Nearly half the frozen mutton imported last year into America from New Zealand had to be re-exported, as there was no ready market.

#### Found After Many Years

A wedding ring lost 22 years ago in a ploughed field in Somerset has just been found by a man while ploughing, and restored to its owner.

#### Catching a Boat by Aeroplane

Two lady passengers who had booked passages by the Aquitania missed the train to Southampton, but caught the boat by flying to the port.

#### First Casualty of the War

A monument is to be unveiled at Juchery by the French President to Corporal Péugeot, who was the first man to be killed in the Great War.

#### Soldier Falls in Peace Time

An ex-soldier, who had been through many battles and reached the great age of 103, fell out of a window, the balcony of which gave way, and was killed.

#### Birds Near Towns

The book on Birds and Their Nests and Eggs Found in and Near Great Towns recently noticed in the C.N. is 4s. 6d., not 7s. 6d., as stated in error.

#### A Blind Organist

The organist of Coalville Parish Church in Leicestershire, Mr. Amos Clarke, has completed fifty years at the organ and has been blind all that time.

#### A Queer Nest

Boys looking for birds' nests at Strathaven, in Lanarkshire, found an attaché case containing a thousand pounds in notes which had been spoiled by damp.

#### A Cheap £20,000

The C.N. is informed that a public man who died some weeks ago had taken out an insurance policy for £20,000 not long before his death, and had paid only one premium.

#### Bravest Deed of the Year

The Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed of the year has been awarded to Thomas Brannon, a miner of Northumberland, for rescuing a man overcome by gas fumes.

#### Darwin's Birthplace

Darwin's birthplace at Shrewsbury has been purchased by the Government for the housing of a postal engineering staff. It is a fine Georgian mansion known as the Mount House.

#### Fireproof Trains

An American reader writes to say that fireproof trains, now being introduced into England, have been common in America for twenty years. In many States it is demanded by law.

#### Bursting of a Dam

A dam built at great cost seventeen years ago to keep back the waters of lakes in Nantlle Vale, near Carnarvon, from flooding slate quarries, has broken under heavy pressure, and the quarries are flooded.

#### Big Missionary Exhibition

The Church Missionary Society is preparing a fine missionary exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, from May 17 to June 15. The last exhibition, 13 years ago, was attended by 250,000 people.

## RANCH FOR THE ARCTIC

### Reindeer Colony in Baffin Land

#### STEFANSSON'S EXPERIMENT

A novel experiment that may bring wealth to the Arctic is being carried out in Baffin Land.

While on a voyage in the vast Arctic archipelago north of Canada, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the famous explorer, noticed that most of the islands were thickly covered with moss and lichen, the natural food of the reindeer, and it occurred to him to bring over a herd of reindeer from Europe and breed them in the Far North of Canada.

Late last year he obtained the support of the Hudson's Bay Company, and secured the lease of part of Baffin Land from the Canadian Government. A fine herd of reindeer was purchased in Norway, and the first shipload of 550 animals has just been landed in Baffin Land, together with a few families of Laplanders to take charge of them.

Reindeer supply practically every necessity of life for their owners. Their flesh is said to be more palatable than the best beef, and they provide good quantities of rich milk. In the Far North their pelts are very valuable for warm winter clothing, and reindeer are also the sole means of transport.

## A LONG, LONG TREK

### Cattle March 2500 Miles

Seven thousand head of cattle recently left Wave Hill Station, near the border-line of the Northern Territory and West Australia.

They walked every foot of the way over 2500 miles, and were eventually put on the train and brought to Sydney, New South Wales, the journey taking less than 12 months.

When the conditions were favourable for them the bullocks covered as much as 25 miles in the day, travelling in mobs of about 1000.

Long-distance droving is usually done by contract. The boss drover finds his plant, consisting of horses, a cart or pack-horses for the cook, and the men to do the droving, and is paid a lump sum for the job.

For really long trips cattle can be sent 1000 miles for 30s. a head.

## DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL

### An Eloquent Fact

Under the Prohibition law in America doctors may take out licences to prescribe alcohol as medicine, but 78 per cent. of the 152,627 physicians in the United States have taken out no permit to prescribe alcohol in any form.

In 24 out of the 48 States in the Union not one doctor has taken out a permit. The death rate in the United States for 1920 was the lowest ever known in the history of the nation.

### The Editor's Postbag

The Editor of the C.N. begs for the consideration of the large number of readers who write to him. Letters demanding answers are invariably dealt with as effectively and promptly as possible; but in the case of immense numbers of appreciative letters, not always demanding replies, the Editor hopes that replies will not always be expected. Such letters are deeply appreciated, but they come in overwhelming numbers, and it is hoped that failure to reply will not be interpreted in an unkindly spirit.

It is a constant delight to hear from many thousands of friends of the C.N. and My Magazine, and to read the letters on all manner of subjects from all parts of the world; but it is impossible for the editor to edit the C.N. and to do anything like justice to the generous postbag that pours itself on to his desk.

## NEWS ABOUT THE SUN

### What It Will Do for Pictures

#### OLD PAINTINGS LOOK LIKE NEW

We are always learning something new about the good effects of sunlight.

The sun is truly the life-giver. Nothing that exists can flourish without the benefit of its rays, unless it be certain plants that have accustomed themselves through ages to grow in shade.

Now it has been discovered that the best method of cleaning oil paintings is to hang them in sunshine. Many people have been afraid to do this for fear that the colours will be weakened, but the effect produced is exactly the opposite. Even pictures which have become faded and dull through being deprived of sunlight come up bright and fresh.

This has been proved in a number of instances. A set of Vandyke portraits in an English country house, supposed to be discoloured and dirty, were restored by being laid out on the grass with the sun full on them.

A Watteau in a London museum, of which scarcely anything could be made out, recovered its brilliancy and clearness of design after a short time on a sunny wall.

It seems, therefore, that the elaborate processes of restoration, which often include repainting and risk of spoiling the canvases to which they are applied, are no longer necessary. The sun will do all that they do by natural means, and do it much more effectually.

But never let a water-colour painting be in sunlight. It will be ruined very soon.

### MARVELLOUS ESCAPE

#### Steeplejacks Saved by a Heap of Soot

The two steeplejacks who had such a wonderful escape when they fell from the tall chimney in Glasgow known as Tennant's Stalk, as described recently in the C.N., were saved by falling on a great heap of soot.

With the impetus of a fall from a height of 90 feet they plunged into it and were almost smothered.

Nothing is softer than soot. It broke their fall so effectually that they suffered no hurt at all. When they were pulled out, all black, they were a bit dazed, but there were no injuries upon them. Four men on the chimney at the time of the accident were killed.

A seventh steeplejack who had been up with the rest descended a few minutes before the chimney crashed down. He saw that an iron hoop which went round the brickwork had burst and knew that there must be a collapse. He shouted to his mates, but before they could get down the disaster happened.

### VIPERS AND VIOLETS

#### An Uncomfortable Experience

When you are picking flowers beware of vipers!

A boy of seventeen and his sister, a few years younger, had rather an alarming experience while gathering violets on Charny Down, near Bath.

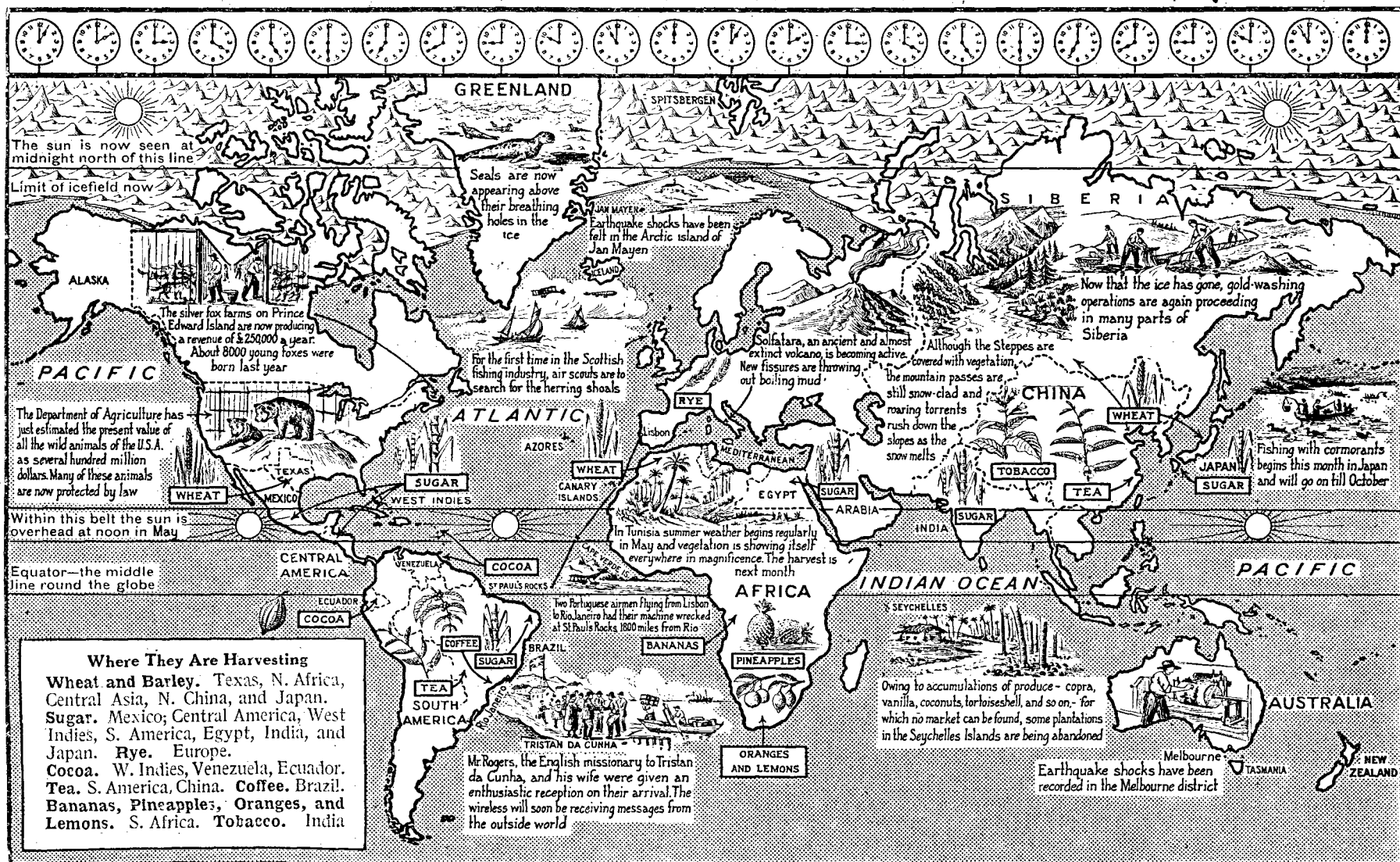
They came upon three vipers, lying curled up close together. Two were caught without killing them; the third got away. It had been a frosty morning, and the creatures were sleepy, or they would probably have all escaped.

They were, says their captor Raymond Matthews, about 20 inches long, with a very distinct V on their heads. They hissed when they were disturbed, and, jerking up their necks, tried to bite. When they do bite they cling, and after they have injected their poison a doctor's aid must be sought at once. If the bites are not treated immediately they are likely to kill.

The green grass snakes, which are more common than vipers, are harmless. There is no need to kill or capture them.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## ISLAND IN TROUBLE

Population Removed by Submarine

### LAST PORT OF AN OLD EMPIRE

The Spaniards are sinking more and more deeply into their difficulties with the Moors. The strip of coast in Morocco which is the last fragment of their once world-wide colonial empire, and where they have been at war for nearly a year, is not in their hands yet.

Lately the Moors have been becoming bolder and have attacked an island near the coast called Peñon de Vélez. On this lived a small population of 158, who saw with great alarm the arrival of Spanish soldiers and torpedo-boats. Greater still was their disturbance of mind when the Moors attempted to land and shelled their peaceful homes.

At last the Spanish military commander decided that the population must be removed out of danger. A torpedo-boat took away 121 of them. But when the time came for the other 37 to leave the Moorish guns were active, so it was resolved to send them to the mainland in a submarine.

This was a terrifying proposal to folk many of whom had never left the island, and who were distracted with grief at having to leave their houses and fields and all their little possessions.

However, they were all got on board; then the submarine went down and carried them safely to shore.

But they say they will know no happy hours until they get back to their homes, which cannot be until this insane war ends.

### Pronunciations in this Number

Hawaiian	Hab-wi-yan
Maria Thérèse	Mah-re-ah-tay-ray-zah
Monastir	Mon-as-teer
Schiller	Shil-ler
Seychelles	Say-shel
Spica	Spi-kah
Vespucci	Ves-poot-che
Weimar	Vi-mar

## PUZZLE FISH

Queer Catch in Hawaii

It has a flat body and is almost round, like a john dory, only more so. In size it is vastly larger than a dory, for it weighs 150 pounds.

Its body is silvery, its fins and snout scarlet. On its head are grey and black spots. Its eyes are four inches across.

A Japanese fisherman found it in his net off the coast of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, and as he had never seen such a fish before he exhibited it when he got back to port.

"What is it?" everyone asked; and then the chief authority on fish at the University of Hawaii was brought to see it. He looked it up in all his books, but nothing could he find to show that such a fish had ever found a place in them.

He thinks it must be a species which has never been noted, so he had it put into a museum and is making inquiries.

## A MOTHER AND HER LITTLE ONE

Something Fine that Really Happened

One of the most delightful dog stories we have read for a long time is sent by a Nottingham correspondent of the C.N.

A dog named Peggy had two puppies, one of which Peggy's owner gave to a friend at a house two or three hundred yards away.

The mother was inconsolable at the separation, and went off in search of her baby. Eventually she discovered its new home, and each day after that brought it a bone. Not once did Peggy fail.

This went on for some time, and then, lest the mother should entice the puppy away, its new owner decided to keep it indoors, and so shut off communication between the two animals. But Tim still gets his bone. Every day the mother comes along and leaves it at the door!

## STARLINGS STOP A TRAIN

Surprise for an Engine-Driver

However large a flock of small birds might be it seems difficult to believe that they could stop a train. Yet that happened on the Taff Vale Railway.

A train was running downhill at a good speed. The force of it and the weight of it were tremendous when measured against the fragile bodies of starlings, yet running into a flock of these birds pulled it up short.

What happened was that many of the poor little creatures got entangled with the machinery of the vacuum brakes, and so caused the release of what is called the brake-bag. Thus the train, to the astonishment of the engine-driver, was brought suddenly to a stop.

He knew he was passing through a cloud of birds, but he had not thought it possible that they could have any effect upon his train.

## LEFT OR RIGHT?

Rule of the Road for Walkers

How did it happen that the rule of the road and the rule of the pavement came to be at variance? Everyone knows that

In riding or driving along.

If you go left you go right.

And if you go right you go wrong.

But on the pavement "keep to the right" has been the rule. This has led to much confusion and many accidents.

About 5000 boys and girls under 15 are either killed or injured yearly in the streets, and many of these accidents are attributed to the Keep to the Right rule. For if you walk on the outside of the pavement you have the traffic coming up behind you, and should you step suddenly into the roadway you are very likely to be run over.

Therefore an effort is being made to make the people on foot adopt the Keep to the Left plan as well as vehicles. It is hoped to make the change by the first of July. Schoolmasters are strongly in favour of it.

## CAVES OF MYSTERY

Adventure of South African Schoolboys

LIKE A MUMMIFIED ZOO

Two South African schoolboys stumbled into some caves in a little-known district west of Pretoria (25 miles from any railway), and the story of what they found there is ringing round the world.

In the caves are numbers of mummified animals. There is a big monkey, six feet from head to foot; a tiger with its jaws open as if it were about to spring, and a large buck which seems to be fleeing from the tiger.

On the walls are red paintings, supposed by archaeologists to be the work of Bushmen. The boys went on and on until they had used up four candles which they took with them. In the darkness one of them found himself sinking in a quicksand; the other pulled him out just in time. Far ahead they heard a roar which they took to be that of an underground river. At this point they had to come back. Their story sent others to the caves, and there is now talk of a Government expedition.

The caves are very extensive, running for miles, it is thought, though they have not yet been fully explored. How the mummies of the animals came there remains at present a puzzle.

They may have been put into the caves by African natives, or they may have been mummified by natural processes. Chipped flints on the cave floor suggest that they were put there by natives.

The only entrance to the caves is at the bottom of a pit sixty feet deep, into which the investigators lowered themselves by a rope. No doubt some better means will soon be found.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 6 1922

## Bombs

It has been announced that the greatest aeroplane ever built for dropping bombs is being completed by the British Government.

WHO is it that is building bombing aeroplanes with the money of the British people now? On which city are the bombs to fall? Who are the enemies of the life and treasure of the world, taxing a hard-pressed nation for the maniacal work of War?

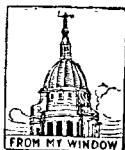
A traveller just home from seeing the loveliest things in the world declares that all the glories of Italy will be lost to future generations if War should be allowed to come again to Europe.

Men have filled this wonderful world with treasure that moth and rust cannot corrupt, that thieves cannot break through and steal; and now this age-old glory is imperilled by an enemy more deadly than either moth or rust, more to be feared than thieves. We have seen, in the last few years, that there remains in the world, a thousand years after the Giotto and Cimabues and Michael Angelos and Donatello and Raphaels and Fra Angelicos and Della Robbias were filling Italy with beautiful things, a spirit that would shatter into pieces all the glory that these dreamers left behind.

We have seen that there is left in Europe still a barbarism in the very heart of civilisation to which all the beauty of the earth, all the wonder of the ages, all the achievements of centuries of artists and craftsmen and saints, are less than the will of a king consumed with admiration for himself, or less than a spark of hate. All these may go, that some dark plot of political iniquity may have its way.

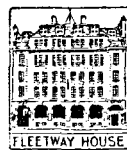
It is not only industry and commerce that are doomed by War; the very beauty of the world is to be laid in ruins if the War Men have their way, and travel is at an end. The guardian of the very glory of the world is the League of Nations, struggling for being against the evil genius of powerful men whose interest is in human hate and the destruction of their fellows.

Who does not long again and again to go once more on some great ride to see the wonder and the treasure of the world? It is ours to preserve for the Future what the Past has handed down to us. It is for this generation to say that great cathedrals, built up by ages of devotion and toil, shall not be shattered by a maniac's bomb. It is for this generation to say that all that men have wrought in love for ages past shall not perish in the fires of hate. It is for us to be fit guardians of the treasure Time has vested in our keeping, and to save it from the all-destroying hand of War. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the  
cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Word to the Great Powers

A GROWN-UP newspaper publishes a Plea for the Backward Races. Someone in Central Africa ought to set about an Apology for Forward Races.

If an angel appeared on the earth and lined up all the nations for a final race to the goal of Human Evolution, which of us would start scratch? Those who call themselves Great Powers might find it awkward to answer the question, "What are you doing with your power?" Great Powers, you have Great Responsibilities.

## There Are Not Plenty More

A NEWSPAPER article on Plovers' Eggs, and by a woman. We must read it, for it will surely point out why the taking of these eggs is not only unfair to the birds but harmful to agriculture, and even in many counties illegal.

Alas, no! The article did nothing of the kind. It advised people to take the eggs, and argued that there was no harm in taking them as there are so many birds!

Quite apart from the fact that this is, in many parts of the country, advice to break the law, the argument is bad, (1) because it takes no account of the great value of the plover to the farmer and the nation, and (2) because all the varieties of beautiful and interesting creatures that have been or are being exterminated have been the victims of those who said: "There are plenty more."

When we are inclined to use this bad argument, we must remember that thousands of others may be using it at the same time, so that it becomes not only absurd but dangerous—for in this way have been blotted out whole races of the Family of Life.

## A Great Man Goes

ONE by one great and good men pass from this world into immortality. Sir Alfred Pearce Gould has now gone forward.

He was one of the most earnest men who ever gave themselves to a doctor's life, and he spent his strength in fighting disease and helping on the happiness of man. He worked hard all his life for others. He felt deeply and believed greatly. His passion for righteousness moved many large audiences, and the fervour with which he fought the evil of drink will long be remembered.

We are poorer for the loss of the presence of such men, and yet are not great men present with us always?

## America Moving On

AMERICA is witnessing a marvellous development in wireless, and over three-quarters of a million sets of wireless telephones have been sold there this year.

Clearly America believes in the new world coming. Meanwhile our Post Office timidly allows us to have a few minutes of wireless music once a day.

## What Are They Reading?

Is the reading public growing wiser? If the experience of the Chiswick Public Library is general, a very desirable change is coming over what people read.

Last year, while the number of novels taken out increased by less than 25 per cent., the increase in histories and biographies and works on sociology was 100 per cent., in arts and sciences the same, and in religious books 300 per cent.

It is true that the novels far outnumber any other class of reading matter borrowed, but the fact that people are reading more serious books is encouraging.

It will be a great day when all the people realise that serious books are not always dull books, but are often a good deal more entertaining than most of the stuff called fiction, produced in tons for shallow minds.

## Tip-Cat

THE Coalition is said to be losing ground every day. Never mind, there will always be enough for it to go under.

PLUM WARNER thinks no true cricketer is conceited. He only gets a swelled head when the ball hits him.

A PENHOLDER: The clerk.

WE agree with Mrs. Philip Snowden that all kinds of work are uplifting. Even reformers take things up before they put them down.

A BOY took a bicycle to bits to see how it went. Then, of course, it wouldn't go.

IT is time for the birds to look out to see who is buying garden seed.

SIR ALFRED MOND thinks people should be happy in one room. He himself finds it impossible to be happy in more than one at a time.

THE more sleep we have, it seems, the less likely we are to catch colds. We have less time to catch them in.

## A Heavy Load

PROHIBITION is a heavy load, one of its enemies says. But America is staggering to prosperity under it.

## The Hardy Annual

By Peter Puck

Cold, rain, sleet, and hail have heralded "the glorious month of May."

SUMMER's coming, truly coming, Coming slowly, coming sure; Never mind the raging tempest, Get your brolly, and endure; Get your mac, your best goloshes, Face the blast and dare the soak. Summer's coming with its challenge—"Can't you fellows stand a joke?"

## A Stout Lad

By Harold Begbie

GREAT struggles prove great souls. For instance, take Brave Hector, Hercules, Ulysses, or Such warriors of the mind as those fine souls Erasmus, Galileo, and Sir Thomas More; How had we known these kingly men were great, How proved them worthy of perpetual praise, If fortune had not rained them blows enough To send a coward howling all his days?

Therefore I brace myself to meet this woe,  
Call on the muscles of my soul to bear  
A strain that might make weaker fellows yelp,  
A whack that might make coarser fellows swear.  
Unbowed, unbeaten; not a tear, a groan;  
Here at my window, staunch as any tower,  
I stand on this half-holiday and watch  
The gentle rain descending hour on hour.

## Mrs. Pinks

By Our Country Girl

IT is wonderful how some women pull through. There is Mrs. Pinks. New-comers always ask sooner or later, "And who is the woman with the jolly smile and the donkey?" And then residents say, "Oh, you must have seen Mrs. Pinks bringing home the washing."

No one else has such a smile as she has. Although the donkey cart groans under three baskets of linen which she has washed and ironed, she gives you the feeling that she is only gadding about or leading the donkey for a wager. None of the well-to-do old ladies who exercise their toy dogs in the sunshine look half so cheerful.

Except on Mondays and Saturdays Mrs. Pinks keeps a shop. It is really a cottage parlour, and the window can only boast two bottles of acid drops, some packets of cheap cigarettes, and a basket of brown eggs.

Through the open door you can see the kitchen draped in washing; the garden at the back is loud with chickens. Mrs. Pinks has eggs all the year round, and the plumpest table birds in the county. Besides these Mrs. Pinks supports three well-clothed little boys, a blind dog, and—Well, I never thought of it till one day I said:

"Oh, Mrs. Pinks, I saw a man beating your donkey yesterday!"  
She replied:  
"Did you, miss? That must have been my scoundrel of a husband."

## I Wish I Had

I've often wished that I had clear,  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end.

JONATHAN SWIFT



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW

What china the  
Thames basin is  
made of



## THE RIVER OF PRAGUE BRIGHT CENTRE OF THE CITY

### Summer and Winter Life in the Bohemian Capital

#### ICE A FOOT THICK

By a Correspondent in Prague

A correspondent in Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia, sends us this interesting picture of life on the river there.

Prague is one of the great cities of Europe, whether we judge it by its superb situation, its fascinating history, or its modern importance, but the river that winds through it is the soul of it.

Till you know better, you call it by its German name, Moldau; then you find the new republic prefers to speak in Czech, and so the river is the Vltava.

All day long in summer, right through the town, its banks are crowded with men and women in the simplest bathing costumes. A man on holiday either lies in the sun or plays in the water from morning to night, and by the end of the summer the population of Prague is burned nearly black.

#### Living in the Water

As for the children, they tumble in and out of the water as if they were born in it. They swim like young dogs, their little heads forging a way, and their arms beating the water.

The mud of the Vltava is not far below the surface, and just above Prague the water is often quite brown; but below the Charles Bridge—the 13th-century bridge with its statues of saints and martyrs and the great gilded figure of Christ—the river is often deep blue.

Just at the end of the bridge the old town rises, with dark towers, climbing streets, and sombre arcades; and history is as palpable as the dingy stones, up to the cathedral on the highest point of all, towering against the sky, with no way of getting to it, seemingly, but by climbing unending steps.

#### Boats on the River

The boats are not built for racing, or even for getting about much. The larger ones are like punts, painted blue or red, and have short, clumsy oars like clubs. The little boats are very little, and sharply pointed at both ends, and seldom trim well. Yet two men will squeeze into one, and if they fall into the river the accident does not trouble them. They swim ashore, and somebody catches the boat.

Sometimes a white-winged sailing boat will flutter up the river; but that is unusual. Now and then a motor-launch throbs happily along, and the people on the bridge hurry from side to side to look at it. Occasionally a river steamer, smart with paint, comes down, and lowers her proud funnel for the bridge, and it is all regarded as a fine, free show.

There is another way of getting down the river that looks more attractive than the heavy boats with the clumsy oars, and that is on the lumber rafts. They are made of stripped pine trees lashed together, a dozen to a raft, and twenty end to end, and they go down the river from the spring till the return of winter.

#### Lumber Raft Glides Down

Half a dozen men stand on the raft, and the water splashes through it. The helmsman guides his rude craft to the gateway of the weir unerringly, as if it were a light skiff, and the long raft makes its way with no more trouble than if it only stretched a few feet.

In winter the river has another aspect. The ice is a foot thick, and icicles like giant fringes hang from the bridge.

The women no longer bring their washing to the stream, while their studious children walk up and down near them, as in summer, learning their lessons for the day. But the boys and girls bring their sleds and slide down the bank far into the middle of the river, which is held fast by frost till March.

## THE ONLY THING THEY HAD

This fine story of the love of the poor for their pet animals comes from a Welsh correspondent.

DURING the bitterly cold weather in early February I saw from my garden a very old man and a very old woman tramping toward the central range of the Welsh mountains and pushing a sugar-box truck on wobbly wheels. I felt it was strange such old people should be on the roads in such bitter weather.

In a day or two I saw the same couple retracing their steps, still pushing the home-made truck. So I walked on with them slowly for half a mile, and asked why they were returning.

The reply was that as they got nearer the mountains the snow was deeper, and the weather more severe, and they felt

they could not cross the range but must go round an easier way.

Noticing a hole in the bottom of the box, like the entry to a dog kennel, I asked what it was for, and was told it was for the cat.

"Surely," I said, "you don't take a cat about with you?"

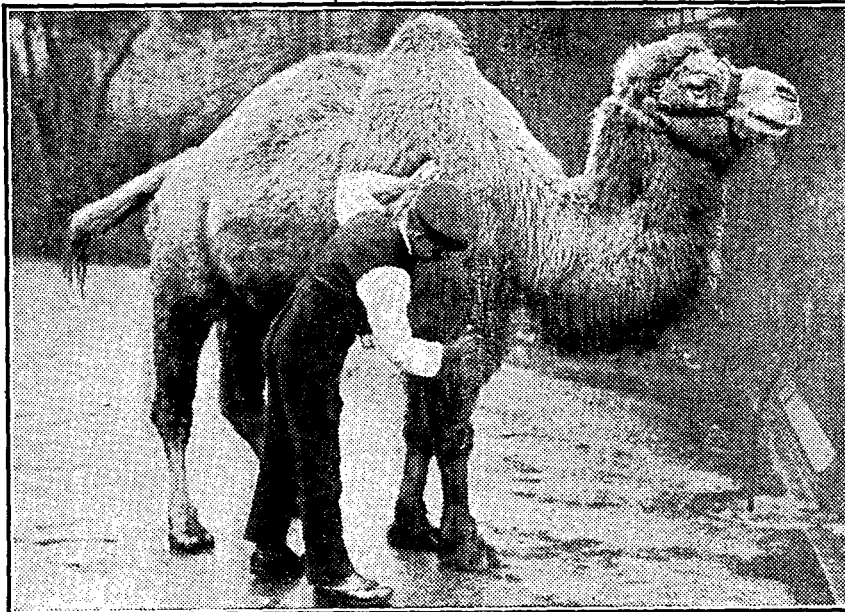
"Yes," said the old lady. "When we broke up our home we could not leave the cat which we had had for eight years."

Then they stopped and showed me a fine, big Tom cat, which, however, did not like coming out into the cold wind.

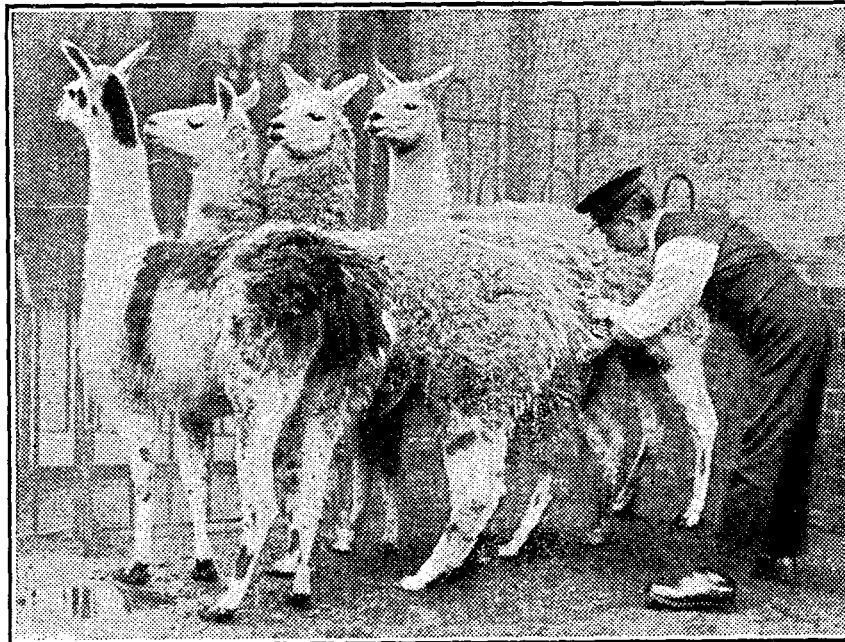
Trundled over the roads of wild Wales, it was the only thing left of their home.

I went on my way thinking what a wonderful thing the love of animals is.

## GETTING READY AT THE ZOO



A wash and brush-up for the camel



The llamas have their coats well groomed

With the approach of warm and sunny weather, the Zoo becomes the most popular open-air resort in London, and here we see some of the animals that are special favourites with children being groomed and made ready to receive their young visitors

## A FAMILIAR SIGHT THAT MAY PASS AWAY

It is expected, as mentioned in the C.N. not long ago, that the familiar railway signal will very soon disappear. Now it seems as if the familiar funnel on the steamer may also go one day.

When steamships were invented they had very tall funnels, as did railway locomotives, because it was thought necessary to carry off the steam far above the heads of the passengers.

After a while two funnels appeared, there being more waste from the machinery to be carried away. Then British battle-cruisers were built with three funnels, while the fast Atlantic liners, Lusitania and Mauretania, each had four.

Now the latest steamships have gone back to one funnel, and it is possible that burning oil may make it unnecessary to have any funnels at all.

The new Cunard Atlantic liners have but one funnel apiece. Oil-fuel, which they will use, does not give off the same waste products as coal, and shipbuilders are already talking of vessels without smoke-stacks. They would look odd at first, but the advantages would be many.

There would be less resistance to the air and less retarding of the speed of ships. There would be more room available for cargo or passengers. There will still have to be masts for wireless, but the familiar funnels may disappear.

## WORK PARLIAMENT POLICY OF PEACE AND PLENTY

### Why Not Have a National Labour Council?

#### SUGGESTION FOR THE POLITICIANS

By Our Economic Correspondent

How often we see in the grown-up newspapers that some great industry is at a standstill because of a quarrel over rates of wages or conditions of labour. Such quarrels lead to great loss, not only to those who make them but to those who have nothing to do with them. When one trade stops work it hurts all other trades.

Very few people understand these troubles when they occur. Trades vary very greatly in character, and it is difficult for a man working in one trade to know what is going on in another. Mining is not in the least like railway work or building; and a London brick-layer can hardly be expected to know the cause of trouble in the mines.

#### Injuring Millions

Because trades are so different in character, and because each trade fights out its disputes by itself, the rates of wages in various industries vary a good deal. It is by no means the case that the most important occupation is paid the best.

It is a cruel thing to see half a million, or even, as recently, a million men, all ceasing to work at once, and by their idleness injuring millions of others. Sometimes a big strike or lock-out may cost hundreds of millions of pounds. Sometimes its effects are felt long after it ceases.

What has been said about one trade not understanding another is true of both masters and men. Just as a carpenter may not know what is the trouble in a railway strike, so a master builder may not comprehend why a railway company is taking a certain course of action.

#### Danger of Ignorance

Ignorance is always dangerous. Knowledge is always helpful. And it is because it is believed that better general knowledge of the facts of a labour quarrel would help to settle it that it is suggested that a national council of work might be set up to deal with all industrial troubles.

Such a council might become a real and effective Parliament of Work.

Suppose that such a body were in existence and that a dispute arose in any trade. Suppose that the trade itself could not settle the dispute. The matter could then be referred to our Parliament of Work, and discussed as a national matter from a national point of view.

The advantage of that would be very great. As we have said, a quarrel in one trade matters to every trade. The Parliament of Work, unlike the particular industry in trouble, would be able to look at the subject impartially. It would hear both sides, and it would in all probability bring counsels to bear which would make for justice and peace.

#### An Instrument of Peace

The parliament would remind the disputants that all were suffering while the quarrel continued. The nature of the parliament would ensure that every point of view was considered.

It might be that in some cases the parliament would fail, but it is probable that in the majority of cases it would be effective as an instrument of peace.

Such a body might go farther still. It might, if effective in settling trade quarrels, gradually work out general principles for the conduct of work to prevent quarrels arising. It might come to be a great help to the nation by rendering its industries more efficient and productive. It might make work the happy thing it ought to be.



## THOSE WHO DO NOT SEE

### A GOOD WORK GOING ON

#### Link for the Blind Between Country and Country

#### THE LIGILO

We are indebted to a reader of the C.N. for sending us an article from the Shepperton-on-Thames Parish Magazine by Mr. W. Percy Merrick, of Woodleigh, Shepperton, telling a splendid story of part of the work that blind men are doing to help one another.

Mr. Merrick himself has been blind for many years, our correspondent tells us, and has busied himself with getting into touch with others who are blind and helping them. His own work may be inferred from his account of a very remarkable blind Swede, with whom he is co-operating in producing a magazine to link together in helpfulness and friendship blind folks of all nations.

#### Eager to Learn

For twenty years Mr. Merrick has been corresponding intimately with Harold Thilander, the only child of a Swedish village schoolmaster. Harold Thilander was born in 1877, and in his seventh year, after an illness, became blind and very deaf. He was also so weakly that further education seemed impossible, and by the time he was nine years old his father and mother were dead, and he was being cared for, as it seemed for life, in a home for the disabled in Stockholm.

He continued greatly afflicted physically till he was sixteen. But then his health began to improve, and he became eager to gain knowledge, to earn his own living, and to help others, especially those who were blind like himself.

Of course he mastered Braille, the system of printing for the blind. Then he set himself the task of enriching Braille by making foreign languages available for Braille readers. So he began translating grammars and dictionaries. His English dictionary filled twenty volumes in Braille.

#### An International Magazine

He now sought correspondents in many countries, and among them secured the friendship of Mr. Merrick. But it presently became clear that his plan of making English an international language for the blind was unworkable. Something simpler was needed, and he fixed on Esperanto.

It was possible to copy the key to Esperanto into many languages in Braille, but not twenty volumes of English dictionary. So Esperanto was made available in Braille to several of the European peoples, and in their languages a Braille magazine was started by a French linguist, and later continued by Mr. Thilander, till it was circulating in 27 countries as an international magazine.

#### Link for the Blind of all Lands

It ceased at the end of 1916 owing to the war, but has now been started again, helped by grants from our British National Institute for the Blind. But the struggle is difficult from a financial point of view, and Mr. Percy Merrick, acting as honorary treasurer to the magazine, is trying to obtain a guarantee of £250 a year to ensure that it shall be carried on.

Shall the "Esperanto Ligilo"—that is the name of the magazine—live? Its name means that it is a link for the blind, a link between countries.

Thinking of what Harold Thilander has done in so splendidly overcoming the difficulties of his early afflictions, how he has made it his life's aim to circulate knowledge to the blind everywhere, many of whom are necessarily poor, we feel our readers in all parts of the world should know of this useful and humanely beautiful effort by the blind themselves.

## BOY COLLECTOR IN THE JUNGLE

### FIXING UP WIRELESS

#### Trek Where No White Boy Has Ever Been Before

#### AT HOME IN THE CAMEROONS

It would seem that Guy Wernham, the boy scientist, is to make history in the West African jungle. He has plans for erecting a portable wireless apparatus at Bitye, where he is staying with Mr. George Bates, the collector-settler. There is a weekly service of mails from the port of Duala to Liverpool, but owing to the difficulty of getting from the interior through the trackless jungle—it takes the natives some weeks—Mr. Bates has only received and despatched his letters once in two months.

The young collector is not satisfied with this. He wants to be more in touch with home and civilisation. With a friend at Duala he could send his messages through, and have them written out and despatched from there. Thus the long journey through the bush would be dispensed with.

Guy is capable of carrying out a plan such as this. Those who know him never doubt his enterprise and will to carry it out. At home, to the amusement of his mother, he and his elder sister used to communicate with one another in Morse by tapping with a fork on the dinner-table.

#### A Real Boy

Guy seems delighted with his surroundings. In a letter home he says:

"Mr. Bates has two guns, and wishes to teach me to shoot, with which I am in perfect agreement. He was delighted with the Christmas pudding that I took him. He has a fine collection of books—all Darwin's and Ray Lankester's works, and many other scientific writers, including my father. "It is delightfully cool up here. I say 'up' because it is about 2400 feet above sea-level; in fact, I think the heat of Africa has been greatly overrated. I find no inconvenience at all, and am in splendid health."

On the trek through the bush the natives at the villages Guy and his carriers passed showed extraordinary interest in him. At Elat Mr. Buck, of the American Mission, had to assure them that he was a real boy, because no other white boy had ever done that journey before.

Guy will now be able to make use of the wonderful opportunities the Cameroons offers to scientific collectors. Not many have the gift that he possesses, for he can draw a bird, plant, or beast so faithfully that a naturalist can recognise the species. *Portrait on page 12*

## TO FEED THE HUNGRY

### Old Sailor's Ark of Refuge

Old sailors have often queer, kindly thoughts in their heads.

When a Merchant Service captain, named Taylor, came to draw up his will, he decided he would like to establish "An Old Sailor's Ark" in his native city of Edinburgh, where soup and bread, porridge, and potatoes should be given to any who needed a meal. This he proposed to do "in humble remembrance of Him who came to this earth and fed the hungry."

He set apart £38,000 for this purpose, but it did not seem to him to be enough. So he directed that it should be left to accumulate at compound interest of three per cent. until it became £100,000.

That would take 30 years. There is, however, an Act of Parliament which prevents money being left in this way for more than 21 years. An application must, therefore, be made to a Scottish Court for leave to disregard the Act in this particular case.

In any case it will be a long time before the Ark can be opened and the old fellow's generous wish to feed the hungry carried out.

## BABES IN THE WOOD

### Do Animals Know When They Are Safe?

#### TALES FROM A KENT HILLTOP

M. E. M. writes from a hilltop in Kent of a nest of hares in a wood.

Do animals know when they are safe to roam about without fear of being caught or killed by man? Have they some instinct which tells them that during part of the year they are safe? Surely they must feel that man watches them with a keen interest during their mating and waits with eagerness for the first signs of their young.

In the wood behind our house lie three baby hares, only a few days old. They have no nest, no cover of any kind; but are laid on the damp leaves just inside the wood. There they lie huddled together, fearing nothing—not even the roughest weather.

The fond mother and father watch them unceasingly from some hidden spot.

But in the evening, when all is quiet, the mother and father come out to feed, one of them staying close by the babies while the other gambols in the young green corn beyond the hedge.

#### Without Fear

Tonight I hid myself behind a large tree trunk, my cat and dog crouching at my feet, and watched. First of all out came one old hare, hopping a little way into the field behind the wood, where she sat eating. In five minutes out came three more to join the sentinel.

Off they went, scampering all over the place, and eventually they came to within three yards of my hiding-place. Now I could no longer keep out of sight; they could see me plainly, yet they did not fear; it seemed to me that somehow they must have known I should not harm them. And so they scampered past, stopping here and there to nibble a blade of corn.

But in all their scampering they did not forget the three babies in the wood. One hare remained on guard, either to protect the wee hares from any foe or to entice it away.

Is it not remarkable that the hare, one of the most timid of our English animals, at this time of the year should sit and browse almost at your feet and have no fear?

## HUMBUG SCRUB

### A Prime Minister Calls

Our friend Mr. Bellchambers, the naturalist of Humberg Scrub, near the capital of South Australia, writes that his sanctuary is becoming well known since the description of his work in the C.N. and My Magazine; and he sends us photographs showing the Prime Minister of South Australia calling at Humberg Scrub, and a group of art students who camped there for a month.

It is very good news to know that Australia is appreciating more and more the good work our friend has done in guarding wild life.

## SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

### A Traveller's Story

Humorous as well as remarkable are some of the stories of the fluctuating rates of exchange in Europe.

An Englishman on his way from Germany to Switzerland bought a bottle of wine for 500 crowns in the Austrian Tyrol. After drinking the wine he kept the bottle, and on crossing the Swiss border sold it for fifty centimes. A Swiss fifty-centime piece is worth 700 Austrian crowns, so that the Englishman not only got his wine for nothing, but made 200 crowns!

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### CHARLES STUART'S FRIEND

#### Famous Statesman a King Betrayed

#### WHY A YORKSHIREMAN LOST HIS HEAD

- May 7. James Nasmyth died in London . . . 1899
- 8. Cromwell offered the crown of England . . 1657
- 9. Schiller died at Weimar, Germany . . . 1805
- 10. Amerigo Vespucci sailed from Cadiz . . 1497
- 11. Battle of Fontenoy . . . . . 1745
- 12. Earl of Strafford executed in London . . 1641
- 13. Maria Theresa born at Vienna . . . . 1717

On May 12, 1641, died on the scaffold on Tower Hill, London, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, under a warrant signed by Charles I, for the treason of having served Charles I more faithfully than he had served his country.

No man figuring in English history has been abused more than Strafford.

His life divided itself into three parts, first in Yorkshire, second in Ireland, third in London. The Wentworths were an ancient Yorkshire family, dating from the twelfth century, with their home at Wentworth Woodhouse. They were public-spirited men, and this Thomas represented Yorkshire in Parliament in the difficult days of Charles I.

#### Opposing Charles Stuart

He had his own views as to the proper powers of kings in those days, and how far they ought to rule through Parliament or might rule on their own account. Those views were partly in accord with the views of the Parliamentary Party, led by Pym and Hampden, and partly not.

When Charles tried to force the people to pay money into his exchequer without the consent of Parliament Wentworth refused to pay, and supported the Petition of Rights, which limited the power of the king. But he was always a Royalist, trying to persuade the king to



Strafford on his way to execution blessed by Archbishop Laud, also a prisoner

take a more sensible course, and presently Charles put power in his hands, first in the North of England and then in Ireland. When he went over to the king's side the Parliamentarians looked on him as a deserter.

In Ireland he governed in an arbitrary way. Though he set up a parliament there, he saw that it only served his wishes. He improved Irish trade, kept the country in order, but did it by sheer force, in ways that cannot be defended, and he formed a strong, disciplined army that gave him the mastery.

#### Wentworth Comes Home Again

Then Charles called him back to England to be his chief adviser and to apply his system in England. He had himself suggested that his Irish army might be brought over to help him. But while Wentworth, who was now created Earl of Strafford, had been busy in Ireland, the English Parliament had been becoming more and more opposed to the king and more powerful. So Strafford was at once arrested and tried. He was found guilty of being a traitor to his country, and was beheaded.

Both Strafford and the Parliament were honest according to their thoughts; but Charles was not. He had promised Strafford safety on his honour as a king, yet, when he found him condemned and unpopular, he signed his death warrant.



## COMING OF THE BIRDS

### Constant Procession Arriving from the South A FLYING ARMY OUT OF SIGHT

By Our Country Correspondent

Summer migrants have been reaching England lately in ever-increasing numbers.

Birds from the south are now coming in a constant procession. Swallows, sand-martins, chaff-chaffs, stone-curlews, wheatears, nightingales, willow-warblers, sedge-warblers, reed-warblers, white-throats, and many others have been seen, and there is now no doubt whatever that the cuckoo has arrived.

This coming and going of the birds is one of Nature's great puzzles, and those scientists who know most about it know how little is really known.

Of recent years, however, a great deal of study has been devoted to the subject, and it is certain that most of our migrating birds find a home during the northern winter in Africa. Maps showing many of the routes of migration have been given in the C.N. from time to time, and it is one of the amazing features of bird life that these tiny creatures, frail as they are, can fly thousands of miles in a short time.

Even birds like the corn-crake, or land-rail, which is a slow, heavy flier, and usually prefers to trust to a run through the long grass as the best means of escaping from enemies, will fly enormous distances in the spring and autumn as it comes to these islands or goes away.

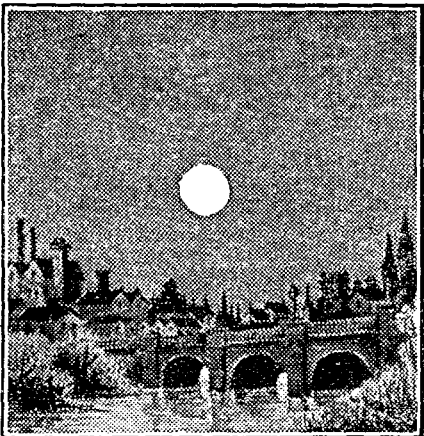
How does a bird know when and where to fly at the migration period? No one can say definitely, but there seems to be no doubt that the birds are impelled by an instinct of migration inherited from generations of ancestors.

We can all observe the birds on migration. As Dr. Bowdler Sharpe pointed out many years ago, a Londoner can stand on Primrose Hill and hear the plovers and other birds call as they pass overhead in the darkness.

Even in the daytime large numbers of birds may be heard passing above. Though quite out of sight of the eye, they are detected by their notes as they call to one another.

As to the speeds of migrating birds little is known, but Gatke, the famous German ornithologist, believed that some birds no bigger than a robin travel 1600 miles in a night, leaving Africa one evening and arriving in Heligoland the next morning. That seems incredible.

### THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 9 p.m., summer-time, on May 10

### Newspaper Notes and Queries

**What does x.l. mean?** It is a business abbreviation meaning without interest.

**What is Lignite?** A coal retaining the texture of the wood. It is of more recent origin than ordinary bituminous coal or anthracite.

**What is the Solar Plexus?** A network of nerves in the abdomen, the name solar being given because of the radiating of the fibres like solar rays.

## THE BIGGEST BRIDGE KNOWN

### PROPOSAL TO BUILD IT AT SAN FRANCISCO

### Wonderful Engineering Scheme to Cost Ten Million Pounds FIVE-MILE WAY ACROSS THE WATER

The longest bridge in the world is the Tay Bridge in Scotland, which is two miles and 73 yards from end to end; but a bridge more than twice as long as this is to be built at San Francisco.

As this bridge of five miles is to cost about £10,000,000, and money is difficult to get just now, it is not to be started immediately.

The scheme has just been made public. It is wonderfully conceived, and the way in which the various difficulties have been overcome is regarded as a stroke of engineering genius.

#### City Always Growing

San Francisco, like other big cities, is growing all the time, and vast suburbs, which are really large towns in themselves, have sprung up across the bay. They are Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley, and the bay at this point is four miles wide, so that all the business men and others who cross to San Francisco every day have to do so on large ferry boats. Such methods of access to the main part of the city, where huge numbers of people and many vehicles are concerned, means great delay, and the need for a bridge has long been recognised.

Forty million passengers and nearly three-quarters of a million vehicles cross on the ferry boats every year.

So urgent is the need that the city authorities last year asked Mr. J. V. Davies and Mr. Ralph Modjeski, two distinguished engineers, to make a survey and report upon the possibility of a bridge and its approximate cost.

#### A Way for Ships

The engineers carried out their work promptly, and have just reported that it is quite possible to build a bridge that shall link up San Francisco with the outlying towns and suburbs across the bay.

The greatest difficulty they had to contend with was the keeping open of a waterway for large and small vessels across the line of the proposed bridge to the inner part of the harbour. With such an important channel and so busy a bridge no system of bascules, as at the Tower Bridge in London, was possible, but the engineers surmounted the difficulty in an ingenious way.

They propose to end the bridge before it reaches the shore on the San Francisco side, and to continue it for three-quarters of a mile as a tunnel, sloping down at each of its ends till the centre part has a depth of forty feet of water above it, over which the largest ships could pass to and fro.

#### Bridge of Forty Spans

From the end of the tunnel where it comes up in the harbour there will be a girder bridge nearly two and a quarter miles long, then a pile trestle continuation for three-quarters of a mile, and a mole, or embankment, rising out of the water for another two and a quarter miles, so that the whole way from shore to shore will be nearly six miles.

The girder part of the bridge will have forty great spans of about 300 feet each, carrying two railway tracks and a roadway forty feet wide. The tunnel will consist of two single track railway tubes and one tube for vehicles, with a roadway twenty feet wide. Where the tunnel joins the girder bridge in the harbour there will be a lighthouse and a ventilating plant to blow fresh air into the tubes.

It is a gigantic scheme, the biggest thing ever conceived in connection with bridge-building. It will take four years to build, and the engineering world is looking forward with the keenest interest to its accomplishment.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

### Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

**What is the Glow-worm's Light?**

It is due to phosphorescence and is brighter in the female than in the male.

**Do Donkeys Drink Water?**

Yes; you may see them drinking at horse-troughs in city streets.

**How Does the Whale Sleep?**

Floating at the surface of the sea, which position is necessary owing to its need of air, the whale being a mammal.

**Why is Puffball Powder Good for Cuts?**

Being very fine and absorbent, it merely soaks up the blood and fills the opening of the cut, thereby preventing fresh blood from escaping.

**Are the Frog and Toad of the Same Species, Differing Only in Size?**

No; the frog belongs to one species of amphibians, called by scientists Rana, and the toad to another, called Bufo.

**Do Cats Dislike Whistling?**

In the ordinary way, no; but, of course, there are some cats that have the peculiarity of disliking whistling, as there are some that object to other sounds.

**When are the Larva and Pupa of the Death's Head Moth Found?**

The moth, or imago, is found from July to October, the caterpillar, or larva, from June to September, and the chrysalis, or pupa, through the winter several inches under ground.

**Should Creatures Found in Streams be Kept in Stream or Tap Water?**

Tap water is all right, provided aquatic plants reproduce the conditions of the stream. Rain water is, of course, not good for aquariums, as it is too pure to be like stream water.

**Do Robins Migrate?**

Yes, to a large extent they are migratory, and it does not at all follow that a robin which haunts a garden in winter is the same bird that was seen there in the previous spring. In winter the robin's migration extends to the Sahara and Palestine.

**Must a Fox-Terrier to be Healthy Have Its Tail Docked?**

No; the practice of mutilating a dog in this way is cruel and ridiculous. For the animal to be properly balanced and proportioned its tail should be left as Nature made it.

**What is the Difference Between an Orchid and an Orchid?**

There is no difference; these are varied forms of the same word. Orchid is correct, the form orchid being derived from an error in the spelling of the Latin word from which we get the name.

**Can Rabbits See in the Dark?**

No; no creature can see in the dark, but some animals, like cats and rabbits, are able to see much better than man in a very dim light, such as is usually to be found on all but the darkest nights. It is largely a matter of practice or what they are accustomed to.

**How Many Kinds of Crows are There in England?**

Two—the carrion crow, which is well distributed and common, and the hooded crow, also called the Royston or grey crow, which is a migrant, visiting us in autumn and winter, a few pairs remaining to breed here and there. The two birds are much alike in size and appearance, but while the carrion crow is all black with purple and green reflections, the hooded crow has only the head, throat, front of the breast, wings, tail, and thighs black, the remainder of the plumage being ashy-grey.

**How Long Does a Stick Insect Remain Motionless?**

Sometimes for a whole day at a time. A great part of the stick insect's adult life is spent in a state of quiescence, and it remains for hours absolutely still without stirring a leg or a feeler. This subject is dealt with in an interesting illustrated article, entitled *Petrified Alive*, in the May issue of *My Magazine*—the C.N. monthly—now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

## BRILLIANT GROUP IN THE EVENING SKY

### PLANETS & STARS THAT APPEAR TOGETHER

### Mighty Sun Rushing Toward the Earth

### JUPITER, SATURN, AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Virgo, the constellation of the Virgin, is just now much the finest region of the heavens: it owes its exceptional glory to the presence of the two planets Jupiter and Saturn, which are for the present within its confines, our map showing their position in relation to Virgo's chief stars.

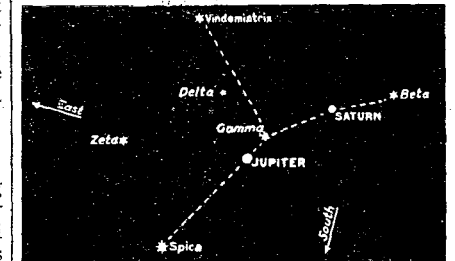
These stars were dedicated in ancient times to the Virgin, who is represented with some ears of corn in her hand, a celestial gleaner; as it were, typifying the gathering in of the harvest.

#### Where to Look for Spica

This wonderful group will be readily found due south about 9 p.m. The two planets have been described in the C.N. quite recently, so we will pass on to consider some of the Virgin's most wonderful stars.

The white, scintillating Spica, to the south-east of Jupiter, is the brightest of her gems apart from Jupiter and Saturn. This star is a colossal sun, shining with a brilliancy calculated to be 3300 times that of our Sun. Its distance is enormous and believed to be at least twenty-one million times as far away as our Sun, its light having taken about 326 years to reach us.

Every minute it gets 540 miles nearer to us, so in ages to come it may rival Sirius in brilliance. But it would take a



The chief stars of the constellation Virgo

long, long time, for a lapse of a hundred years has made no appreciable difference in Spica's brightness.

Even at this immense distance it has been found that Spica is accompanied by a great fiery world, which causes Spica to revolve in an orbit, once in four days, and therefore at a terrific speed.

Another interesting star is Vindemiatrix, the Herald of the Vintage, and therefore also associated with the harvest—the harvest of the grapes. This star is known to astronomers as Epsilon Virginis; it is of only third magnitude, or medium brightness, but is estimated to give sixty times the light of our Sun, and is no doubt very much larger, its light taking 99 years to reach us. It is therefore much nearer than Spica.

#### Suns Circling Round One Another

Far more beautiful and wonderful is Gamma in Virgo. This star may be easily found, a little above and to the right of Jupiter. It is only of third magnitude, but most interesting viewed through a telescope, for then it is seen to be composed of two suns of equal brightness.

They revolve in an orbit around a central point between them once in about 180 years; but as this orbit is seen almost edgewise from the Earth the suns appear to approach and recede from one another. They approached until the year 1836, when they passed one another at opposite sides of their orbit; after which they appeared to get farther apart, till now they are at about their widest from one another.

They are about 3,400,000 times as far away as our Sun, their light taking only 52 years to reach us. G. F. M.



# MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of  
Two Boys Among the Indians

Told by T. C. Bridges,  
the C.N. Storyteller

## CHAPTER 21

### Into the Unknown

"I wish you'd have told me about that this morning, Bart," said Joe Western slowly.

"I wish I had," admitted Bart. "But it's too late now to be sorry. Only thing to do is to get off as quick as may be, and try to beat Pelly up the river."

"But I thought you said we couldn't go without Indians," said Billy.

"We've got Injuns all right. Ahkim's brother Passuk is coming along. He's here right now. If you can fit us out with a canoe and grub, Joe, I reckon we'll move at sun-up in the morning."

Joe nodded slowly.

"I can fix you. Now you three have your supper and get right to bed. I'll have all ready for you before morning."

The Chinese cook had already brought in supper, and they sat down to it.

In spite of their worries the boys were sharp set, and they did justice to the hot bread, fried bacon, and big dish of stewed fruit. Bart ate well, too, but he was very silent.

When they had finished Billy ventured a question.

"Bart, I don't quite see what good it will do Pelly to get ahead of us. If he's on in front he can't be tracking us."

Bart smiled faintly.

"That's a fact, Billy, but the trouble is you can't tell what mischief he will be up to. For instance, he might throw trees across the river or raise the Injuns on us. You see, he knows we've got to go up the river. And even if he don't try tricks like that, then mebbe he'll hide up somewhere in the Ranges and watch which way we're a-going. Guess you know by this time we don't want to be followed."

Billy nodded.

"Thank you, Bart. I understand better now, and I see that we must get ahead and beat him."

"That's it, son," said Bart. "But, mind ye, it means mighty hard travelling, for Pelly's got a real light canoe, and he and his Injuns are good paddlers. We'll need a bigger craft than his for the five of us, and it's going to be days afore you and Clem can do your whack at paddling with the rest."

Billy did not answer. Since his arrival in this Far Northern country he had begun to realise that a cheecako, or tenderfoot, however willing, is precious little use.

"And now you go right to your bunks," said Bart—"and make the most of 'em," he added drily, "for it's going to be a mighty long while before the next time you sleep in a bed."

Next morning dawn had not yet greyed the sky when the boys were called from their snug bunks. Breakfast was ready as soon as they were, and it seemed that they were hardly awake before they were on the wharf.

Below lay a long, narrow canoe. It was Joe's best, but given unhesitatingly to his friend. In it were the stores, well lashed and packed, and in it sat the two Indians, Ahkim and his brother Passuk, paddles in hand, their broad faces stolid as if carved in wood.

"Good-bye, Bart," said Joe. "Good-bye, lads, and the best of luck to ye."

Then they were all three in the canoe and had cast off.

The tide was racing upstream, and, driven by the Indians' paddles, the canoe shot away at tremendous speed.

Looking back, the boys saw Joe Western looming through the

morning mist, waving his hand. Then they whirled around a bend, and lost sight of him and of the cannery. The journey had started in earnest, and they were off into the unknown.

## CHAPTER 22

### The First Rapid

For the first three hours the voyage was a swift and easy one; then they came to the head of the tidal water and found the current against them. The boys noticed that the Indians at once drove in close to the bank, so as to dodge the full force of the stream.

As for themselves, they were so taken up in gazing at the amazing scenery that they had eyes for little else.

With every mile the mountains gained in size and majesty, and high against the blue vast snow-clad peaks shot up in every direction, like sugar-loaves.

At the head of the tidal water they saw their first glacier, a cliff of blue ice, two hundred feet high, from the base of which a torrent roared, white as chalk with snow water.

But presently Bart set them to paddling.

"You've got to learn sooner or later," he told them. "And I guess you won't get better teachers than Ahkim here and Passuk."

At first the boys did more harm than good, but Billy soon got the hang of it. Clem was slower. Clem did not learn quickly, but once he did learn he never forgot.

When they got fairly going they enjoyed it.

They stopped for dinner where a big point of smooth rock ran out into the river. Ahkim speared a salmon, and Bart showed the boys how to split, clean, and grill it over hot coals.

An hour's rest, then on again.

The river was getting swifter all the time, and about four o'clock they came to a place where it narrowed between towering cliffs of black rock.

From the dark recesses of the canyon came a hoarse, terrifying roar. The canoe rounded a curve, and the boys saw the river heaped up in white foam thundering down in a terrifying rapid.

Billy gasped.

"I say, have we got to go up there?" he exclaimed.

A slow smile spread over Bart's face.

"Unless you go round," he answered. "Shucks, Billy, you'll see worse than that before you're a lot older. Ship your paddle, son. The Injuns will handle her."

The canyon curved so that the full force of the river struck the left-hand cliff. It struck it with such force that it was actually heaped against it in great leaping waves.

Ahkim and his brother drove the canoe to the right, and began edging up with short, sharp strokes. Bart, in the stern, did the steering. The roar was appalling. The boys sat stock-still. They were both pretty badly scared, but even more frightened of letting the Indians see that they were scared.

Yard by yard the canoe was worked up close under the cliff until it reached a spot where the canyon made a snake bend. Here was a bit of slack water, where the Indians held the canoe a few moments while they recovered their breath.

Bart gave a sudden sharp order, the paddles dipped, and suddenly the canoe was shooting right through the central rush.

Spray flew in sheets, the light craft quivered like a living thing in pain, and for a few seconds the boys

were convinced that she must be swamped or battered to pieces.

Then, almost before they knew it, she was close under the opposite cliff, and again edging steadily onward.

At the second curve the same manoeuvre was repeated, and presently, very wet but quite safe, they were out of the rapid and the canyon.

They passed no more rapids that evening, and just at dusk made camp on a sandy beach. Before the light failed Bart walked the whole length of this beach, and the boys saw that he was closely examining the ground.

"Seeing if Pelly camped here?" suggested Billy.

"Just so," answered Bart; "but as I don't see any signs I reckon he's gone farther." He paused and shrugged his big shoulders. "But who's to say? It's like hunting for a needle in a haystack. For all I know we've passed him and left him hid up in the woods. Any way we'll have to set a watch tonight."

As the Indians could not be trusted to watch, the boys took their turn with Bart.

But there was no sign of Pelly, and in the morning they were off again as soon as it was light enough to see.

Clem and Billy ached in every muscle from the hard paddling of the previous day, but this soon worked off, and the air was so fresh and the scenery so glorious that, in spite of their anxieties, they enjoyed every minute of it.

Each curve of the river showed new marvels—terrific cliffs, fantastic rocks, giant glaciers, and everywhere wild life. Twice they saw bears fishing for salmon, and once a giant moose drinking at the water-side. There were quantities of birds and numbers of beautiful butterflies.

Rapids added to the thrill of it. Sometimes they had to paddle, but where there was any sort of beach they "tracked"—that is, towed the canoe up with a rope while either Bart or one of the Indians steered her. And, always, as Billy noticed, Bart's eyes were on the banks, and he knew that he was looking for signs of Pelly.

But there was not a trace of him or his canoe, and at the end of three days' travel, when they camped, Bart told them straight out:

"I guess we've passed him. He's seen us coming and hidden his canoe somewhere in the woods."

## CHAPTER 23

### The Ice Fall

ON the fourth morning they started as usual at dawn, and that day found the travelling easier.



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The river was deeper and not so swift. Just before mid-day, as they paddled up a long, smooth stretch, a sound like distant thunder came booming through the sunlit air.

It was so heavy that they could actually feel its vibrations. Everything seemed to quiver. It was followed by several other crashes, which lasted in all for a minute or more.

"My word, it sounds as if a mountain had fallen down!" exclaimed Billy.

Bart nodded in his quiet way.

"You ain't a lot out, Billy. Only I guess it's an ice mountain."

"A glacier, you mean?" asked Billy quickly.

"Just so," replied Bart calmly.

"One of those we passed this morning?" questioned Clem.

"I reckon so. The ice gets rotten with the sun this time of year. I've seen a chunk big enough to fill this here valley fall off right in one piece."

"I wish we'd seen it," said Billy eagerly.

Bart chuckled; he seemed highly amused.

"Just as well you didn't, sonny. A fall like that'll make a wind that will blow away a forest like so much straw. I tell you an avalanche is a mighty good thing to give a miss to."

The thundering echoes died away, and before they had gone far a new excitement made the boys forget all about the fall.

Ahkim, who had been staring at the hillside to the left, pointed.

"Him caribou," he grunted, and, looking up, the boys saw a number of caribou, which are practically the same as reindeer, grazing high up on a mountain meadow.

Bart put his field-glasses to his eyes.

"Good chance to get some meat," he said; and without a word the Indians drove the canoe toward the beach.

Tingling with excitement, the boys jumped ashore.

Bart considered a moment.

"Guess we'll need the Injuns," he said. "See here, Ahkim; pull the canoe out and cache her. No use to take any risks."

Ahkim, who rarely spoke, merely nodded, and he and Passuk dragged the canoe into a little backwater and cut branches which they piled over her, hiding her completely. Then all five started up the hill in pursuit of the caribou.

The distance was much greater than the boys had imagined, and it was more than three hours before they managed to get close enough for a shot.

Then Bart fired, and one of the caribou rolled over stone dead.

While the Indians cut up the carcass Bart and the boys sat resting. It was getting late before they were ready to make their way back downhill.

"Grilled venison for supper!" said Billy, smacking his lips.

Just then they passed through some thick trees and came out upon a broad open space from which they got a view of the river.

All three pulled up short, staring wide-eyed at the extraordinary change which had taken place during their absence. For, instead of the swiftly-flowing stream that they had left some four or five hours earlier, there was now a broad, still lake.

Clem turned to Bart.

"What does it mean? What on earth has happened?" he demanded sharply.

Bart's face was graver than the boys had ever seen it. "It's that there gully," he answered. "The glacier's fallen into the river somewhere below and dammed her. And, boys, where do you reckon the canoe's gone by now?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## The Chivalrous Artist

A boy born and brought up in Seville at the end of the 16th century studied painting and grew such a master of his art that he came to be recognised by his contemporaries, and has been equally acknowledged ever since as the very foremost of the Spanish School of painters.

He practised almost every branch of painting except seascapes, and whatever he did proved to be a masterpiece.

In 1623 he went to Madrid, taking with him a study of a street scene in Seville, and when the king saw this he was delighted and asked the artist to paint his portrait. Again the king was greatly pleased, and became the artist's lifelong friend, giving him a studio in the palace and heaping on him both riches and honours. His life, indeed, was one long and dazzling triumph under the monarch's patronage.

This was good, for it saved the artist from the necessity of seeking the patronage of the Church, which would have confined him to painting religious pictures only and prevented him from developing all his powers. When our Charles I went to Madrid to woo the Spanish princess this artist painted his portrait, and the Spanish king had his portrait painted forty times.

That monarch had a private key to the artist's studio, by means of which he had access to it whenever he pleased, and almost every day he used to visit the painter and watch him at work.

When the artist painted a picture of a Spanish princess surrounded by her maids of honour with a portrait of himself standing near by with his easel, the King said, "There is one thing wanting," and, taking the palette and brushes, he drew in, on the breast of the artist, the much coveted decoration of the Cross of Santiago.

It was an unheard-of gift for such a man, and the nobles of the court were indignant that so coveted a decoration should be bestowed on one who was not of the highest birth. In order, therefore, that there might be no doubt of the validity of the gift the King obtained a dispensation from the Pope enabling him to confer the decoration.

The artist owned a slave who mixed his paints and cleaned his brushes. This man secretly practised painting until at last he could draw almost as well as his master, who, so far from being jealous, granted the slave his freedom.

All through the artist was full of generosity and chivalry, and he exercised his genius to the glory of his country. Of 274 works said to be by him, over a hundred are now in Great Britain. He died at the age of 61. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







# How Pleasant the Life of a Bird Must Be



## Dr. MERRYMAN

OLD lady to tramp: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Fancy being content to do nothing but walk about from place to place and beg!"

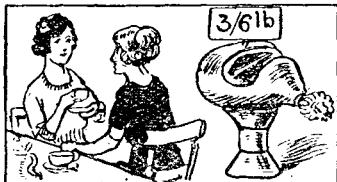
Tramp: "I'm not content, mum. I often envy folk as they flash by in their cars."

### Mildred's and Mary's Nature Notes

#### Tadpoles

WE'VE twenty-four tadpoles  
All in a glass jar—  
You cannot imagine  
How funny they are—  
And each a tail waggles  
To steer him about,  
A fine little rudder  
He'll soon be without,  
For legs will be coming  
One fine day in May,  
When all little rudders  
Must drop clean away.  
Our twenty-four tadpoles  
Will then cease to be,  
And frogs four-and-twenty  
Instead we shall see.

#### Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent?  
Solution next week

WHAT trees are not affected by fire?  
Ashes: because when burned they are still ashes.

#### Do You Live in Coleman Street?

THE name may be derived from the fact that the site of the street was once a centre for charcoal burners, or coal-men as they were called; or it may be a memento of some prominent man or family with the name of Coleman who lived there in days gone by and whose ancestors were charcoal burners.

#### School Howlers



#### The Sultana Meets a Raisin

IN a grammar lesson a girl was asked to name the masculine of Sultana, the title of an Eastern queen.

"Raisin!" answered the girl promptly.

JACK went out for a walk with his dog; the dog went not before him, nor behind, nor on one side. Where did it go?

On the other side.

#### I'll Ask Her

IF Mississippi bought Missouri a New Jersey what would Delaware?

Alaska.

#### The Face of the Earth



"THE summit I have reached at last!"

The bold explorer cried.

"Get off my nose at once!" the Earth

In rolling tones replied.

#### What Am I?

AN adverb often used am I;  
Join me to some thing borrowed  
And I'm a strip of water. Try  
To solve this if you've followed!

Solution next week

WHAT is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?  
One is a strong will and the other a strong won't.

#### Papa's Punishment

WHEN Johnny is naughty and trying  
Papa brings a cane and says, sighing,  
"Though this I must do,  
It hurts me more than you"—  
But it's Johnny who does all the crying.

THE Exception That Proved the Rule  
THE class had just assembled for the day's work, and all the pupils looked happy enough with the exception of Dickie.

There was something on his mind, but when the teacher, in the course of the first lesson, mentioned that nobody could be punished for what he had not done, a broad smile spread across Dickie's troubled face.

The teacher noticed this, and asked the reason for his mirth.

"I haven't done my homework, miss," was Dickie's reply.

#### Proverb Problem

TAKE one word from each of the following sentences, and make a well-known proverb.

The hatters of Luton make many different styles of headgear.

Horses are as fond of hay and oats as we are of meat.

Johnny was at play while his sister was at school.

The biggest apple is not always the best.

You will find it quite warm if you sit in the sun.

The moon shines the best when it is full.

Solution next week

#### His Crowning Achievement

A KNIFE-GRINDER, mad as a hatter,  
Ground a grindstone away with a clatter,  
And then, with a frown,  
He filled his own crown,  
And that was the end of the matter.

#### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

##### Joan's Alphabet Problem

Fix v doz. black qt. jugs. William Pherny.

What Is This? Price, rice, ice

## Jacko Takes a Hand

JACKO was tremendously interested in Belinda's new house.

"Coo!" he said, when he arrived, breathless, on the scene. "You are getting a move on. Who's going to lay the foundation stone?"

Belinda's husband put down the bricks he was loading up and stared at him.

"Forgot all about it, didn't you?" said Jacko, looking wise.

"I thought you'd make a mess of things without me."

As Belinda's husband leaned over to box his ears, Belinda herself came up.

"Why, it's a splendid idea!" she cried. "Of course we must get someone to lay the foundation stone."

"Thought I was going to do that," remarked her husband.

"You know what I mean," said Belinda impatiently. "It's just a little ceremony. You get the mayor or somebody big like that to come, and he lays the brick and dabs on the cement with a silver trowel."

"Great Scott!" cried Jacko. "Where'll you find that?"

Belinda made no suggestions, but once she got an idea into her mind it took a lot to get it out again.

"We haven't got a mayor," she said. "But there's Mr. Philpots."

Mr. Philpots was the chairman of the District Council. He was also the local builder, who had recently given Jacko a thrashing that was not undeserved.

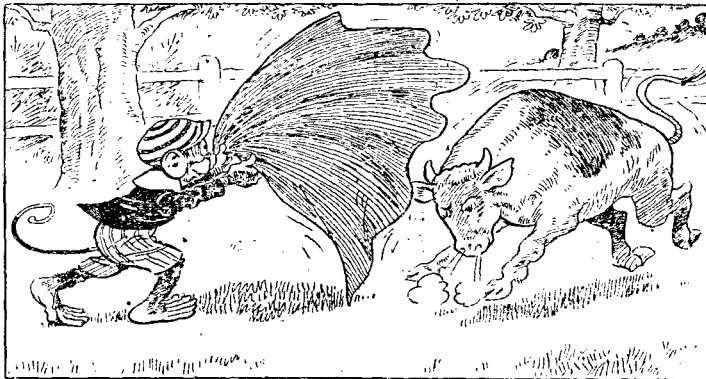
Jacko shook his head. He didn't think Mr. Philpots would be sympathetic.

"Then let's ask Dad," said Belinda at last.

"All right," said Jacko. "I'll fetch him." And away he ran.

But Father Jacko took a very disappointing view of it.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Laying the founda-



"The brute attacked me," said Jacko

tion stone, indeed! The best foundation they want is a bit of money in the bank."

A few minutes later Jacko turned up on the building ground flourishing a silver teaspoon and all that was left of what looked like a brand new overcoat.

"Dad isn't having any," he announced, as soon as he could get his breath. "But I'll do it for you. Come on!"

"But what are you doing with my coat?" demanded Joe, "and what on earth has happened to it?"

Jacko held it up.

"The bull did that," he said. "I brought it to put on while I laid the foundation stone. But the brute attacked me—"

He never got any further, for somebody else attacked him before he could finish.

"My new overcoat!" shouted Joe. "And just look at it! I'll learn you, you young scamp!" and he rushed at Jacko and laid about him as hard as he could.

So the foundation stone never got laid after all; for after that, as Jacko said, they couldn't expect him to take any more interest in it.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

#### How Did Pussy Know?

A Cardigan reader reports a cat's finding of her friends, and wonders how she did it.

One day our whole family went out in a boat up the river, and took care to close all the doors.

As we were returning we heard a peculiar noise and saw on the bank our cat crying to us. When we reached the bank she was overjoyed to welcome us. But how did she know where we had gone?

When we got home we found that she had got out of the house through a grating.

#### Comment Minette Savait-Elle?

Une lectrice de Cardigan nous raconte comment une chatte retrouvait ses amis, et se demande comment elle s'y prenait.

Un jour toute notre famille s'embarqua en bateau pour remonter la rivière, et l'on eut soin de bien fermer toutes les portes.

Au retour nous entendîmes un bruit singulier, et nous vîmes sur la berge notre chatte qui nous appelait. Lorsque nous abordâmes elle témoigna sa joie de nous revoir. Mais comment savait-elle où nous étions allés?

En rentrant chez nous, nous découvrîmes qu'elle était sortie de la maison par un grillage.

#### Tales Before Bedtime

## The Letter

IT was nearly always Teddy who took in the letters.

One morning, when he ran as usual to the door, he noticed that the postman wasn't looking very happy.

"Have you got toothache?" asked Teddy.

Miles shook his head.

"I've got a bad foot," he said. "I can hardly get along."

Teddy felt ever so sorry.

"And I've to go all the way to the farm," Miles told him. "I'm sure I don't know how I'm to get there!"

"I'll go for you!" cried Teddy. "I'm going up there directly to fetch some eggs. Give me the letter."

But Miles did not want to do that. It was only a circular, and not important; still, it was Miles's duty to deliver it himself.

But his foot was hurting him terribly, and Teddy begged so hard that at last he put the envelope in Teddy's hand and went off.

As soon as he had finished breakfast Teddy set out.

It was a lovely day, and the meadows were a mass of bright colour. The wild flowers had never looked more beautiful.

Teddy put down his basket and stopped to pick a handful of them. And then a golden butterfly flew past, and Teddy started off to chase it.

So that it was some little time before he got to the farm.

"Hallo!" said the farmer, as he caught sight of him running across the yard. "What have you come for?"

"For some eggs, please," answered Teddy, "and to bring



Teddy took in the letters

you a letter. Poor Miles has hurt his foot, and I—"

But he stopped. Where was the letter?

"I—I'm afraid I have lost it," stammered Teddy, growing very red in the face.

"Look in your hat," said the farmer, laughing.

Teddy pulled it off, and out fell the letter.

"Why, of course!" he cried. "I put it there for safety. But how did you guess?"

"The end was sticking out," laughed the farmer. "And now come along and see the new chickens."



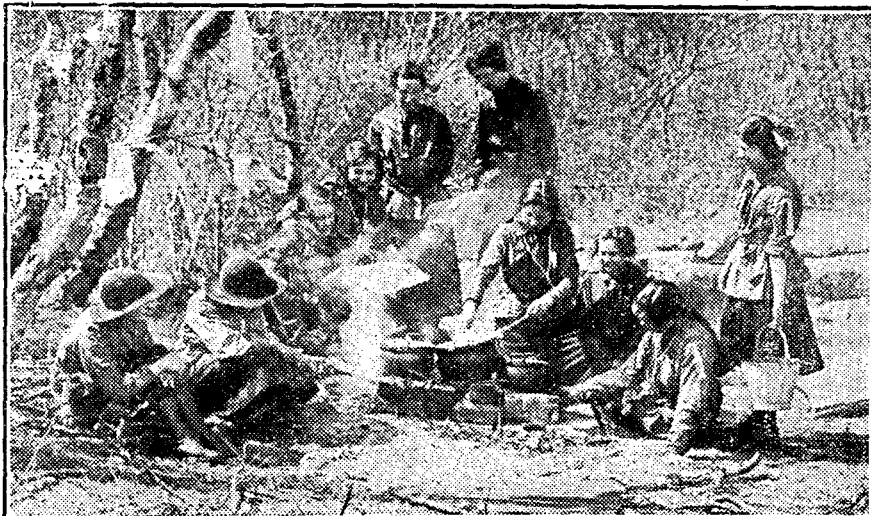
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 6, 1922  
Every Friday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere abroad for 11s. a year; inland, 13s. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted abroad for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d.; British Isles, 14s. 6d. See below.

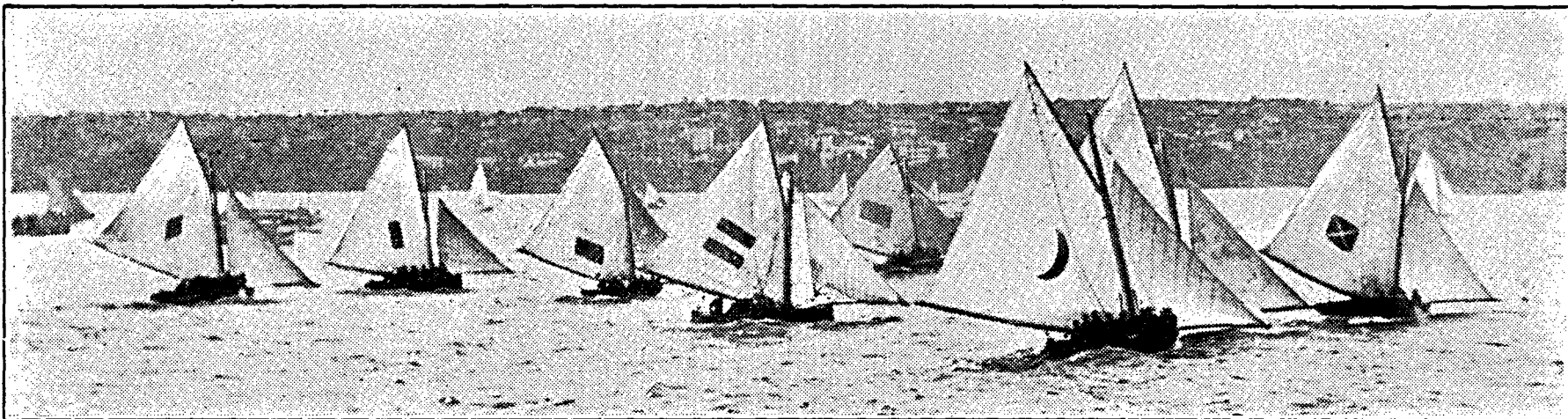
## LONDON GUIDES IN FRANCE • BOY TRAVELLER IN AFRICA • FRIENDLY VULTURE



**London Guides Take Dinner in France**—A troop of London Girl Guides have lately been camping out at Le Touquet, in France, and it is evident from the smiling faces of the girls photographed here at their dinner that they thoroughly enjoyed their visit to the Continent



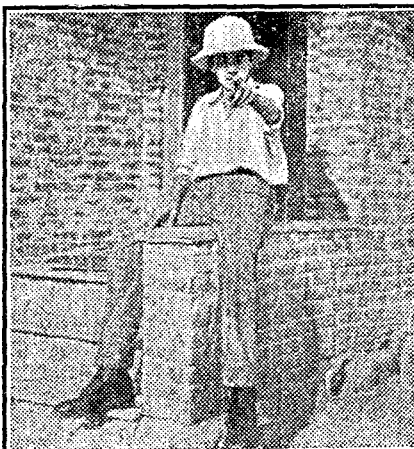
**A Camp-Fire Story**—The girls of the London troop of Guides who camped out in France had some jolly times round the camp fire, and here we see the girls, gathered after the day's sight-seeing was over, listening to a good story. Girls enjoy camp-fire stories as much as boys



**An Exciting Yacht Race in Australia**—The start of a great yacht race in Sydney Harbour, in which eighteen boats took part



**A Spill on the Thames**—Sailing is very popular on the Thames at Teddington, but sometimes the most skilful handling is unable to keep the boat upright in the face of a sudden squall. Here we see a boat that has been capsized being righted by its owners



**London Boy in Africa**—Guy Wernham, the boy naturalist whose experiences in Africa are being told in the C.N., photographed outside his headquarters at Bitye, the home of Mr. G. L. Bates



**A Very Friendly Vulture**—This vulture at the London Zoo is a very friendly bird and behaves more like a dog than a vulture, for when his head is scratched he rolls over on his back, just as a terrier does. Here he is seen playing with a lady visitor whom he knows



**Punch and Judy on the Beach**—The Punch and Judy man is always a favourite with the children, and whether he gives his show in town or country can be sure of an appreciative audience like the one shown in this picture gathered on the beach at a popular seaside resort



**A Farmer Goes Fishing**—This Yorkshire farmer, who lives near the mouth of the Humber, sets his fishing line on the mud flats, and often manages to catch an ample dinner such as his boys, seen in the picture, are helping him to carry home. Many anglers envy him his success